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WAKE HIM NOT.

BY M. S. F.

Deep within my lady's eyes
Sleeping Love in ambush lies:
Ne'er before have been invented
Means to make him so contented.
Dost thou dare the lad awake
At thy peril? He will take
Vengeance for his broken sleep,
And thy heart for ever keep.
He hath found a fitting nest,
Let the world awhile have rest,
Have a care, and turn away,
Lest he seize thee for his prey:
If thou rouse him, thou wilt rue it,
And a single glance will do it:
He who meets those wondrous eyes,
By Love's shaft that moment dies.

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

A FEW minutes afterwards Lord Norman came up to them. It was nearly bedtime, and the drawing-room was thinning.

Lady Blanche had just gone upstairs, having kissed her hand to Lady Betty and Floris as she passed.

"Well?" he said, dropping into a seat between them. "Are you nearly tired? What a long evening it seems! I suppose it is after the exertion of last night. Floris, I have scarcely had a word with you all day," he added, wistfully.

Lady Betty laughed sarcastically.

"Whose fault is that?"

He looked at her, with a half puzzled smile.

"I don't know. I don't seem to have had a minute to myself, which of course means a minute with Floris. And now they have arranged to go to Scarfross to-morrow. We shall be away two days, I am sorry to say."

"Two days?" said Floris, with a little moue. "Why, Bruce?"

"Too far to get back the same night, dearest!" he said. "I used to enjoy the expedition one time, but now, this autumn, I would give anything to be left at home. But that is impossible, I am sorry to say. The Prince has asked me especially to go. Sir Joseph, with his usual forethought, has arranged that some of the young fellows should remain and take you ladies to the cascades for to-morrow, so that you will not miss us hunters."

"I don't think I should care much about the cascades," said Floris.

She was feeling rather tired and listless, and the news that her sweetheart was going to leave her for two whole days—after devoting himself for the two previous ones to Lady Blanche—dispirited her.

"I suppose I can stay here!"

"I hope you will go," he said quickly, adding with an eagerness which, at the moment, she ascribed to his desire that she should be amused during his absence, but which afterwards she read in another and a sadder light—"Yes, Floris, do go! I particularly wish you to! Sir Joseph has planned this little expedition mainly on your account, and would be disappointed if you did not go! Besides, what will you do in the house all day if you remain at home? Come, dearest, promise me that you will go!"

"I will go if you wish it, Bruce," she said, dutifully; "that is, if I do not feel very much disinclined," with a smile.

He took her hand and kissed it lovingly.

"You will enjoy it, I am sure," he said. "Blanche is going!"

"Oh, then, I am sure we shall enjoy it," said Lady Betty, with fine sarcasm. "I think we had better go up now, my dear."

He followed them into the hall on his way to the smoking-room, and, there being no one there but themselves, took her in his arms and gave her her "good-night" kiss.

"We are off early in the morning, dearest," he said, "and I shall not see you before I go. Be happy while I am away, and I will bring you a set of antlers as a reward!"

"You don't care whether I am good, then?" she whispered, laying her hand for one moment on his shoulder, and looking into his eyes with all a girl's sweet honest love.

"Not a bit of it!" he said. "Only be happy, and I am content."

These were the last words he spoke to her on that eventful night, and they rang in her ears, echoed in her heart, for years!"

He waited until they had disappeared round the bend of the corridor, then went to his room for his smoking jacket, and joined the men in the billiard-room to discuss the plans for the morrow.

Floris was tired and despondent; a heavy weight seemed to hang over her, and she felt so depressed that she went straight to her own room instead of going into Lady Betty's, and talking over the events of the evening as she usually did.

"I must have danced too much last night," she said to herself, "and am over tired. I shall feel better and brighter in the morning! But I wish Bruce was not going to be away for two whole days! How I shall miss him!"

With this thought and the sigh it occasioned she fell asleep. How long she had slept she did not know; but she was awakened by that consciousness which we have all of us felt at times, that someone was in the room.

She woke instantly and raised herself on her elbow, and looked round.

A small lamp was burning on the table, and by its dim light she saw a woman kneeling beside the bed.

It was Josine.

The girl had her head in her arms, and was apparently crying in a subdued, sullen kind of way.

Floris was too startled and surprised to move for a moment, then she sat up and called to her softly.

"Is that you, Josine?" Josine raised her head, and showed a face, pale and tear-bedewed, and fixed her black eyes with a piteous expression on Floris. "What is the matter? What are you doing here?"

Josine dropped her head in her hands again and emitted a low sob.

Floris waited a moment, then got out of bed, and putting on her dressing gown, laid her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Do you hear me, Josine?" she said, firmly but gently. "Why do you not answer me? What are you doing here, and why are you crying?"

"Oh, mademoiselle, I cannot sleep! I cannot rest!" murmured Josine with a little sob and gasp. "I am so very unhappy!"

"Are you in any trouble?" asked Floris. "I know that you are unhappy; you looked very unhappy last night. Why do you not tell your mistress?"

"I cannot, mademoiselle."

"Will you tell me?" asked Floris. "I will do all I can to help you. You must be in great trouble to come here so late and cry as you are doing. Come, be a sensible girl and tell me what is the matter."

"Ah, if I dared, mademoiselle!" murmured Josine, brokenly. "But mademoiselle is the last one I should tell, and yet it is all on her account that I am in such trouble!"

"On my account?" exclaimed Floris, staring at her as she half knelt, half crouched beside the bed, her black hair hanging over the pale face and almost hiding it. "On my account, Josine; you must be mad or dreaming! What trouble could come to you on my account?"

"Ah, that is just what I knew mademoiselle would say!" said Josine, sadly. "I cannot expect you to believe me! It is too wild, too improbable a story, and yet, ah Heaven, it is so true!" and she clasped her hands.

Floris looked down at her in puzzled silence for a minute or two. She began to think that the girl had lost her reason.

She had always been rather strange in her manner and conversation.

"You had better go to bed, Josine," she said, "and try and sleep. To-morrow, if you think you can tell me what it is that troubles you——"

"Ah no, no! I cannot sleep! And to-morrow I will leave the house! I will not stay here to await the catastrophe. It shall not be said that Josine was quite without heart, that she could stay and witness such treachery!"

Floris got up and mixed a dose of sal volatile, and brought it in to her.

"Josine," she said, as severely as she could, "I think that you are ill—ill and hysterical, and that you are suffering from some delusion or other. Drink this, and then go to bed. To-morrow Lady Pendleton will send for a doctor for you!"

Josine put the glass aside with her hand and looked up at the beautiful, sympathetic face bent over her with a tragic glance.

"No, mademoiselle, I am not ill! And I am not suffering from a delusion! But there is something on my conscience, something that lies so heavy that I cannot rest night or day. Ah! mademoiselle, I would tell you but that I know you would ruin me!"

"I ruin you! What on earth do you mean?" said Floris. "Josine, if you do not leave this room I shall call your mistress."

"Listen, then, and I will tell you!" she exclaimed, catching at Floris's arm, and grasping it desperately. "But mademoiselle must swear that she will not betray me——"

"Let go my arm, Josine," exclaimed Floris, sternly. "I do not wish to hear anything you may have to say——"

"Then mademoiselle is lost!" exclaimed Josine, tragically, "and Lady Blanche will win the day."

Now, if it had been broad daylight, if the sun had been pouring into her room, Floris would undoubtedly have laughed at this melodramatic speech, and have rung the bell and had Josine turned out, or would have gone to Lady Betty's room and called her in to the girl; but it was the middle of the night; she had been awakened from sleep, her faculties were still dormant, and Josine, who had taken the time into consideration, succeeded in at least impressing her.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, turning pale. "What is it you have to say to me about Lady Blanche? I will hear nothing!"

"Then mademoiselle will be sorry, sorry, sorry for the rest of her life!" rejoined Josine, solemnly. "But mademoiselle is right, perhaps," she said, rising and moving towards the door. "It is best that she should not know——"

"Stop!" said Floris. "Sane or mad—and I am half inclined to think that you are the latter—you shall speak now! Come back, please."

And she pointed to the bed.

"Sit down there, and tell me what this means."

Josine was satisfied at last. With a little sob, she dried her eyes, then fixed them on Floris's face appealingly.

"And mademoiselle will not betray me? A word from mademoiselle will ruin poor Josine."

"This is nonsense!" said Floris, impatiently. "I will promise that you shall come to no harm through me, and you know that."

"Thats will not do!" said Josine firmly. "I will not say another word unless mademoiselle will promise me that she will not reveal a word of what I have said, aye, and of all that I may show to mademoiselle. Before Heaven, I will not say another word unless you will promise to remain secret to end though all the world try to force you to speak!"

Floris stared at her.

"I promise!" she said, with a vague sense of trouble falling upon her.

"I am satisfied, mademoiselle will keep her word! If not for my sake, for her own sake. Mademoiselle is too proud to wear her heart on her sleeve, and let the world see the wounds her rival has inflicted."

"My rival! Are you speaking of me?" demanded Floris, growing bewildered. "My rival! Whom do you mean?"

Josine shot her head forward, and with fine melodramatic force hissed—

"Lady Blanche!"

Floris did not start or wince, as Josine had expected; she even smiled.

"Are you quite out of your mind, Josine?" she then asked, with calm, stern dignity.

"Ah, mademoiselle takes it as I expected! It is hard to believe that a grand lady like Lady Blanche should descend so low as to try and steal another woman's lover! That is done often enough by people of a lower class, ah, yes! But by so grand a lady as Lady Blanche—ah, no it is impossible, it is ridiculous, is it not?" sarcastically.

"It is indeed!" said Floris, gravely, "and if it is only to vent this piece of spiteful impertinence you have intruded into my room at this hour, Josine——"

"Stop, mademoiselle! I am no fool! I did not expect you to believe me! Ah, no, not even when I said that I was in her confidence——"

"In Lady Blanche's confidence?"

"Yes, mademoiselle! It is not uncommon! I am the useful slave that acts as go-between for her ladyship and milord!"

"My lord!" said Floris, white to the lips with anger. "Do you dare——"

"Ah, but yes, mademoiselle, I mean Milord Norman!"

Floris stared at her for a moment, then she sank on to a chair and laughed—actually laughed.

Josine watched her sullenly, but with a close keenness.

It was hard to breed suspicion in that sweet, pure mind, but Josine did not despair.

She had a strong suit to play, and had not played her best cards yet.

"Josine, I am now sure that you are out of your mind," said Floris, at last. "Please go away, and let me go to bed and sleep. It is fortunate for you that I have promised not to repeat this farrago of nonsense, or you would receive your dismissal to-morrow morning. As it is, I must ask you not to approach or address me again, unless it is absolutely necessary. Go now, if you please!"

Josine sprang to her feet.

"Mademoiselle believes that I lie! that I am deceiving her! Good! Mademoiselle shall see! Give me till to-morrow—no, to-day, and I will prove to her that Lord Norman is false to her! That it is Lady Blanche

whom he loves and would wish to make his wife! Yes, mademoiselle shall see, shall hear for herself what I, Josine, already know. Mademoiselle thinks I lie! Yes, truly! and mademoiselle would tell me again that I lie if I say that Milord Norman and Lady Blanche are going to elope this very day!"

The blow was struck, and well struck, considering.

White to the lips, but with an incredulous smile, Floris rose from her chair and confronted her.

* * * * * *

Josine hissed out the words in her broken English, with her black eyes fixed like a panther's on Floris's white face—"To-day Milord Norman will elope with Miladi Blanche!"

There was silence for a moment. Floris put her hand to her head with the action of a person walking in her sleep.

Was it a hideous dream, some monstrous nightmare, from which she would presently awake shuddering, or was it really true that this girl was standing before her, with those horrible words on her lips?

Just as a person strives to put away a dream and awake, so Floris seemed to make an effort to cast off the effect of Josine's words.

With a gesture of repudiation she looked up and laughed.

"You are either a very wicked girl, Josine or you are mad," she said. "Do you know what it is that you have said?"

"Yes, mademoiselle," responded Josine, sullenly; "and I am not mad. Wicked? Yes, I have been wicked, and I should be still if my conscience would let me rest; but it will not. I cannot be Miladi Blanche's slave any longer. I do not care whether you believe me or not; for my own sake I have spoken"—she threw out her hands with a gesture of resignation—"and I am satisfied. I repeat, mademoiselle, that Milord Norman and Miladi Blanche mean to fly, to elope together to-day! I have told mademoiselle for her own good. It grieves me. It is a shocking thing that one so young and innocent as mademoiselle should be so cruelly deceived."

Floris looked round helplessly.

"I—I will go and fetch Lady Pendleton," she said, almost to herself.

Josine sprang between her and the open door.

"Ah, no! Mademoiselle, remember your promise! On my knees I asked you to promise me that you would tell no one, and I have your sacred promise. You would not ruin me!"

Floris stood still, and looked at her, panting and trembling. She still thought the girl was mad.

How could she think otherwise? Bruce false to her! Bruce capable of vileness beyond the reach of her imagination! Bruce, from whom she had parted so lovingly a few hours ago, going to desert, betray her, and dishonor himself! It was impossible! incredible!

And yet—yet—there was no other sign of madness about the girl.

She was calm, as calm as Floris herself, and she stuck to her story with the tenacity of a sleuth-hound.

"Come away from the door!" she said. "I—I have not yet forgotten my promise, and I will keep it. But I do not believe what you say. It is a lie, Josine! Come," almost pleadingly, "tell me that you have deceived me, that—that you may have been deceived yourself!"

Josine shook her head.

"It is true; it is as true as Heaven!" she exclaimed. "It is not I, but you who have been deceived. Think, mademoiselle! Is it so impossible? Lady Blanche was his sweetheart before you——?"

"No, no!" broke in Floris. "She was not! It is not true! He—he never loved her! But why should I talk about him to you? How dare you come to me with this ridiculous story?" indignantly. "Leave the room! I will keep my promise. For my sake as much as your own, I will not repeat this farrago of nonsense; but leave me."

Josine shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah, well, yes!" she muttered. "I will go; and mademoiselle will not believe—will not believe that I am in Lady Blanche's employ, that she has confided in me?"

"No," responded Floris, "I do not believe that the whole story is the result of your wicked imagination!"

"Soh?" breathed Josine, and taking a step nearer, she drew Lady Blanche's ring from her pocket, and held it out to Floris.

Floris recoiled as the girl approached her, but, as if fascinated, her eyes were drawn towards the ring that blazed and glittered in the lamp-light, and fixed themselves on it.

"Does mademoiselle recognize this ring? You do!" as Floris shuddered. "It is Lady Blanche's ring. Say rather it was; it is now mine; she gave it to me! It is part of the price I am to receive for my help—no! that I was to receive! But I will have no more to do with it! I wash my hands of Miladi Blanche from this moment! Mademoiselle's innocent face would haunt me till I died if I helped to do her wrong! But this ring! Mademoiselle knows it!"

Yes! Floris knew it! She had seen it on Lady Blanche's finger only a day or two ago!

"You—you stole it!" she panted.

"Stole it!" echoed Josine, with a curl of the thin lips. "Stole it, bah! Is that likely? No, mademoiselle, I do not steal! Do you think if I had been such a fool that milade would not have missed it?"

It was a pertinent question, and it staggered Floris. At every turn the diabolical plot caught her more closely in its meshes.

With a long deep shudder of vague fear and loathing she sank against the bed.

Josine stood and looked down at her. If she had possessed a heart in the least degree softer than a stone, or had not been a Frenchwoman consumed by hate and jealousy, she would have felt some pity and relented; but being what she was, Josine's heart was as the nether mill-stone, and the sight of Floris's agony merely served to whet her appetite.

"Mademoiselle begins to believe!" she said, with a mocking smile. "Josine is no liar after all. Suppose I give you further proof, proof that cannot be withstood even by mademoiselle!"

Floris stretched out her hand.

"Tell me all!" she gasped piteously. "You will tell me, I know. I—I believe you really hate me, Josine, and glory in this!"

"Mademoiselle wrongs me! Why should I hate you? You never did me harm! No it is for the good will I bear you, that I tell you this! Think of it. If I had held my tongue and done as I was bid—just for to-day—I should have been rich. Two thousand pounds miladi promised me! Is it because of hatred to mademoiselle that I lose two thousand pounds? Ah, no!"

"Go on! tell me! I—I shall not believe it! No! no! I shall not believe it, but tell me! Wait, give me some water!"

Josine brought some water in a glass, and held it to the white lips with a pitiless calm.

"Now go on. Tell me all you want to tell me, and then go!" exclaimed Floris, feebly.

Josine set down the glass and came and stood beside her, between her and the door.

"Mademoiselle wishes to know what I am to do to earn miladi's two thousand pounds. I am to help her to leave Ballyfloe this day with Lord Norman."

"I—do not believe it!"

"Proof!—proof!" ejaculated Josine, striking the palm of her left hand with the fingers of her right. "Mademoiselle knows Lord Norman goes out hunting to-day? In an hour or more he will have gone."

Floris's lips formed a "Yes."

"Soh! And that the ladies are to take an excursion—an expedition? Yes! Well then, what if I say Milord Norman will return—alone—by himself at noon? What if I say that Miladi Blanche will make an excuse and remain at home? and that they will meet in the conservatory and fly together?"

"It is a lie!" panted Floris.

"Soh! Softly, mademoiselle. Proof is what I offered, and it is what I will give. Suppose, when you are starting, you find that miladi refuses to go? That she decides to remain at home? She has the headache, say? She will stay in the house, eh?"

Floris rose up and stared at the black eyes with a wild fascination.

"Will that convince mademoiselle? Yes, or no?"

"No! a thousand times no!" exclaimed Floris.

Josine shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah, well, but you are difficult to convince! Mademoiselle is so young and so innocent that she cannot believe that others not so young and so innocent can be so wicked! Well, now, what if—" she lowered her voice and crept nearer to Floris, "what if I take mademoiselle to the conservatory, and she see and hear miladi and Lord Norman? Ah!"

Floris shuddered.

"Not till then would I believe you," she said, trying to speak undauntedly.

"Good!" ejaculated Josine. "And then, when mademoiselle sees with her own eyes and hears with her own ears, what about it then?"

She paused, and leant over Floris.

"If I show this to mademoiselle, if I convince her that what I have told her at so much cost to myself is true, will mademoiselle promise me to utter no word, to tell no one, but to leave Ballyfloe at once? If not, I will do nothing. If not, I am ruined. Miladi Blanche has me in the hollow of her hand, and she must not know that I have betrayed her. If I show mademoiselle that I have not lied, if I prove to her that I have told her the truth, will she leave Ballyfloe at once?"

Floris sat, white as a ghost, trying to realise the situation.

"If not, if milord do not come back to meet miladi, then mademoiselle can do what she please. She can say that Josine has lied."

"Yes," said Floris, putting the hair from her brow. "I consent. It is wrong. I know it, I feel it, but—but I cannot help it. I am like a reed in your hands. May Heaven forgive you, Josine, if you are deceiving me. And yet, and yet, would to Heaven that you may be deceiving me. Yes, if—if what you say is true, I will promise to leave Ballyfloe at once. I will speak to one; I will not betray you, my poor girl."

A gleam of satisfaction lit up the black eyes.

"Good!" she said. "Then mademoiselle must do as I say. You must make pretence to go on this expedition, but at the last moment must turn back and come to your room. When it is time I will fetch you, and you shall see for yourself whether Josine has lied or no!"

Floris shuddered, and Josine, upon whom no movement of her victim was lost, shrugged her shoulders.

"Mademoiselle does not like to play the spy? Who not? If it is not as I say, there is no wrong in it. If I speak truly, then mademoiselle is within her right to learn the truth as best she can. Is that not so?"

Floris put up her hand.

"I—consent!" she breathed. "If you have lied to me, I will punish you!"

"I have mademoiselle's promise that she will not disclose what I have said to a living soul!" said Josine, with a flash of her black eyes.

Floris shook her head with a gesture of scorn, and pointed to the door.

"You have my promise. I—I shall not break it. Go!"

Josine hesitated a moment, then fell on her knees and caught Floris's hand; it was burning hot, like that of one in a deadly fever.

"Oh, mademoiselle, but my heart aches for you!" she whined.

Floris jerked her hand away and shrank back.

"Go, go!" she panted. "I will not speak to you, or hear any more."

Josine got up with a heavy sigh, shrugged her shoulders, and with one last glance at her victim, went out.

Floris sat motionless, for how long she knew not.

The hideous revelation sat upon her soul like a nightmare; never for one moment had she believed it—it was simply impossible that she should do so!

The whole story was as improbable as the wildest romance that had ever been conceived by a madman.

Then there flashed upon her memory the only piece of tangible evidence which the girl had produced in confirmation of her story—the ring!

The ring! How did she come possessed of that? She could not have stolen it. Lady Blanche would have discovered the theft almost instantly! The ring! Well, Lady Blanche might have given her the ring as a reward for some trifling service. But then, Lady Blanche was not over-liberal and the ring was a costly, almost a priceless one!

Tortured, like a man on the rack, she wrestled with the strange story, one moment inclined to laugh outright at the absurdity of the revelation, and the next unable to account for Josine's conduct.

And only a few hours ago, Bruce—her Bruce, her sweetheart!—had left her with a loving kiss, with tender words whispered in her ear!

Oh, Heaven, it could not be true! It must be the outpouring of a mind diseased! Josine must be mad! She, herself must have been mad to listen to her, and madder still still to promise that she would remain silent!

What should she do? Should she play the spy as she had promised, or should she wait until Bruce came back, and then tell him? No, she had promised, solemnly promised, that she would not reveal the story Josine told her!

Floris had been taught to regard a promise as something sacred, as sacred as an oath registered in Heaven. And that the promise was given to an inferior, and such a one as Josine, did not render it the less binding.

No! come what will she must remain silent. Well, it would be a sufficient punishment to her for listening to such raving lunacy.

Yes!—she would keep her word; she would go with Josine to the spot in which the mad girl had asserted that Bruce would meet Lady Blanche, and when nothing came of it,—when the mad girl's ravings were proved to be nothing more than the hallucination of a lunatic,—she would tell Josine that her promise could not stand, and that Bruce must be informed of all that had occurred. How he would laugh! and yet, no, he would not laugh when he learnt how badly she had suffered!

But what she had suffered was her own fault. She ought to have sent the girl away when she began her stupid story, or have called Lady Betty.

Reassuring herself by these and other plausible appeals to common sense, she threw herself on the bed, and tried to sleep.

"But "sleep stood afar off," and she heard the great clock chime every hour, while Josine's words rang in her ears, a slow and awful torture.

Breakfast was laid at Ballyfloe at nine o'clock, and kept going until twelve. Between these hours one might stroll into the large and beautifully-appointed room at any time and be sure of hot coffee and a choice of a dozen prepared dishes. After twelve, if one were so lazy as to lie in bed there would only be champagne or ale and a biscuit, and one would have to wait till lunch, which was rung in at one.

A little after nine Lady Betty knocked at Floris's door.

"Are you awake, my dear?" she asked.

"Yes," said Floris, thinking grimly of the many weary hours she had counted. "Come in."

Lady Betty went to the bedside, and stooped to kiss her.

"Only fancy my dear! It is past nine and that girl has not put in an appearance yet!" she said. "I don't know what has come to Josine. They must keep awfully late hours in the servant's hall here! I am afraid I shall have to get rid of her. If I do, the next girl I have shall be English. There is no dependence to be placed on a French girl. I am sure Josine deceives me, and yet she is so useful that I can't make up my mind to discharge her."

"I should! I should, indeed!" said Floris with feverish eagerness. "I—I don't like Josine, Lady Pendleton. Get rid of her by all means!"

"Really! How strange now! And the girl seems so fond of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes! It was only yesterday that she was exclaiming about your beauty—there, child, don't blush!—we all know how pretty you are! And I am sure she is always eager to do anything for you!"

Floris sighed. It was too true! Josine never seemed happier than when Floris allowed her to wait upon her!

"But I'll get rid of her, if you like, my dear," said Lady Betty. "I'm sure I don't care. I would rather have an English maid; these French girls are so tricky."

Floris turned her face away.

"I think we had better put our habits on at once," said Lady Betty, "as we are going to these Cascades quite early. I wish Bruce had remained at home, and was going with us."

"Ah, so do I," murmured Floris, with a heavy sigh. "I would give the world to have him here to-day. Has he started yet?" springing up in bed with a sudden flush of hope.

"Oh, yes, long ago, my dear. I heard them start off at some ridiculous hour. Really, when it is a question of hunting or killing something, Englishmen are enthusiastic to the point of absurdity. Then you will put your habit on, Floris?"

"Yes," said Floris, with a deep flush and an averted face. She felt weighed down by shame for the part she was playing. Oh, if she had not promised, if she could but take Lady Betty into her confidence! But it could not be.

She must go through with this matter unaided and alone!

A few minutes later Josine came in to offer to assist Floris; she was very pale and kept her eyes carefully fixed on the carpet.

Floris just glanced at her, then she waved her away with a gesture of repugnance, and Josine, with a slight shrug of her shoulders went out.

It was a merry party at breakfast that morning; the trip to the Cascades was a well-known and favorite one, and the young men who had been left behind were delighted at the opportunity which the absence of such great guns as Lord Bruce, and some of the others who had formed the hunting party, gave them of scoring with the ladies.

Floris, as she entered the room in her dark brown habit, was surrounded instantly by an eager circle, each man of which was anxious to get a word from her.

But Floris could do little more than smile this morning; her heart seemed heavy as lead, strive though she did to get rid of the dread and suspicion that tortured her.

Presently, in the midst of the chatter and laughter which always seemed at its merriest at breakfast-time, the tall graceful figure of Lady Blanche glided into the room.

At sight of her Floris's heart gave a great leap of relief and satisfaction, for Lady Blanche was in her riding habit, and was evidently going to the Cascades, therefore Josine was either mad or bad, for some purpose of her own, lied!

Almost as if she knew what was passing in Floris's mind, Lady Blanche came and leant over her chair and kissed her.

"What a delightful morning, my dear Floris! We shall have a charming day. The Cascades only want sun to make them a miniature Niagara. Lady Lynch, I believe you have bribed the clerk of the weather. Floris you and I must keep close together to-day. What a splendid day for the hunting; but I suppose, though, it is rather too clear, isn't it?"

And so she flowed on, a silvery stream of musical talk, and Floris listening felt her heart grow lighter.

Surely it was not possible that this woman with the pure, proud face, who talked with the simple gaiety of a child, could be guilty of such black treachery as Josine had accused her of.

She could not see Lady Blanche's plate from where she sat, but if she had been able to do so, she would have noticed that Lady Blanche, with all her seeming light-heartedness, did not possess much appetite and that dish after dish was declined with a slight shake of the head.

With a good deal of boisterousness the young men sallied out of the breakfast-room to the stables to see after the horses, as they said, not in reality to get a chance to smoke the morning cigar.

Floris and Lady Betty went upstairs to put their hats and gloves on, and again Josine was nowhere to be found.

"There! Just what I told you! Now, where can she have got to?" exclaimed Lady Betty.

At that moment Josine was in Lady Blanche's room, standing with demure eyes and clasped hands before her ladyship.

"All is prepared, miladi," she said, in a low voice. "It was a great trouble, and at one time I thought I should have to give it up in despair. It was so hard to convince mademoiselle that milord could be faithless! He is always so devoted to her, as all the world knows! Ah, yes? it was hard."

Lady Blanche colored, as a pang of jealousy ran through her.

"That will do," she said. "And—and the time?"

"Just after lunch, miladi," said Josine, thoughtfully. "There will be nobody at home: the house will be quite clear for 'the little comedy,' as Mr. Raymond calls it!" and she showed her white teeth. "The end of the conservatory, miladi?"

Lady Blanche nodded; then, with a sudden pallor and with downcast eyes, she said—

"And you are sure that she will not reveal what passes?"

"I am convinced!" responded Josine, eagerly. "Miladi may rely on it that nothing in this world, will induce her to open her lips! She is too proud, ah! far too proud! Rely on that, miladi."

Lady Blanche dismissed her with a nod, then summoned her own maid.

"I shall not go out this morning," she said, quitely. "Please take off this habit

and give a morning gown. When you have done so, take my love to Lady Betty, and tell her that I have received an important letter from Lord S ymour which I must answer. You need not go until the last moment."

On the way to her mistress' room, Josine met a footman with a telegram on a salver.

"Here you are, Miss Josine!" he said,—"a telegram for your young lady."

Josine took it and glanced at the direction. It was addressed to Floris.

"Miss Carlise is no young lady of mine!" she said, showing her teeth, with a spiteful smile. "But I will take it to her, and save your long legs," and with a saucy smile she ran past him.

Outside the door she paused, with the telegram in her hand—

"What is this now?" she muttered. "Something that may spoil our little play, perhaps! A plague on it! Shall I give it to her at once? No! Josine must see it first, at any rate! It will keep, no doubt!" and she thrust it in her pocket.

Then she opened the door, and met Lady Betty's enquiry as to where she had been with a profuse apology.

"Josine, we shall have to part!" said Lady Betty. "Oh, don't trouble now! I have finished, you tiresome girl! You know I can never put my veil on properly! No, you shall not touch it! Go and see if Miss Carlisle wants you!"

Josine went into the adjoining room; Floris was standing before the glass with her hat in her hand, and she shrank back as the girl approached.

"Mademoiselle will not go?" murmured Josine.

"Yes!" said Floris, in a low, stern voice. "I do not believe a word of what you told me last night. You are a wicked girl, Josine!,'

"Ah, we shall see!" muttered Josine, bending her head. "Mademoiselle will wait a moment? Listen!" she added, as Lady Blanche's maid entered the next room.

The next instant Lady Betty called out—

"Floris! Blanche has sent to say that she is not going! She has some letters to write!"

Floris turned deathly pale, and caught the edge of the table.

Josine smiled triumphantly, then went into Lady Betty's room, with her cat-like step.

"Miss Carlisle has a headache, miladi! A bad headache! I do not think, if miladi will pardon me, that mademoiselle ought to go for so long a ride in the hot sun!"

Lady Betty came into Floris's room at once.

"What is the matter, dear? Why, how pale you look!"—with anxious concern—"Are you ill?"

Floris could scarcely speak for a moment.

"I—I have a bad headache," she said, and truthfully enough. "I do not think I will go."

"No, don't," said Lady Betty. "I thought you didn't look well this morning. No, you shall stay at home, and I will stay and sit by you."

"No, no!" said Floris. "Please do not—there is no occasion. I would rather you did not!" with a feverish flush. "I—I shall get some sleep, perhaps. I will not stay unless you go!"

Lady Betty hesitated, and Josine stood watching them both.

"Mademoiselle will be better to be quiet and alone," she said, softly.

"Do you think so, dear? Well, if you would rather I went——"

"I would much rather," faltered Floris.

"Let me get you a draught before I go, then," said Lady Betty, anxiously; and she went and mixed a draught from her medicine-chest. "There, dear, take that, and now lie down and get some sleep. Josine, get Miss Carlisle's dressing-gown, and cover her up well. I am so sorry, dear. I shan't enjoy myself one bit; I shall be thinking of you all the day."

"Do not think of me," said Floris, with a sigh, as she sank on the bed. Then with a sudden impulse, she put up her arms and twined them round Lady Betty's neck.

"Good-bye," she murmured.

Floris was usually so undemonstrative, that Lady Betty was touched by the simple caress.

"Good-bye, my dear," she said, kissing her. "Mind, you are to sleep for quite two hours, and you are not to go into the sun. I shall expect to see you quite yourself when I come back."

And, with a strange reluctance that she remembered afterwards, she left her.

Josine stood looking down at Floris's pale face in silence for a moment, then she bent down and whispered—

"Keep a good heart, mademoiselle. Ah, but no man in the world is worth a heartache, after all!"

Floris looked at her with a mixture of repugnance and fascination.

"Mademoiselle will remain here until I come for her," said Josine, significantly. "And let mademoiselle console herself that it is better to be undeceived than fooled to the top of one's bent!"

And with this piece of worldly wisdom and comfort she went out.

Reaching her own room, she locked the door, and took the telegram from her pocket. For some minutes she looked at the mean and miserable envelope which the post office authorities deem a sufficient covering for so important a missive as a telegram, bending it this way and that in the endeavor to decipher some words of the contents.

But the pink paper was folded inwards, and with a gesture of impatience, she went downstairs and got a jug of hot water.

Then with the patience of a Red Indian, she held the envelope over the steam, until the warmed part had become moist enough to allow her to open the envelope.

With a smile of satisfaction, she drew out the telegram, and read it.

And as she read it, her face went pale and grave, and her hand shook till the thin paper trembled like a leaf.

"What shall I do?" she muttered. "It is fortunate or unfortunate, as I choose to make it. If I give it to her now it will spoil all; and yet it is hard to keep it";—glancing at the scrawl with hard, glittering eyes. "Bah! I will not give it to her until afterwards. It will be time enough; ah, yes, it will be time enough!" and carefully re-closing the envelope, she put it back in her pocket.

The morning passed.

How, Floris, lying with a heart torn asunder by conflicting emotions, scarcely knew. All seemed still in the great house. Not one of the guests, excepting herself and Lady Blanche had remained at home; a stillness like that of a calm before some dreadful storm seemed to lie upon the place; and the pitiless sun that streamed through the blinds fell upon her face with a mocking mercilessness.

At last, when she could lie still no longer, she got up and put on a morning dress, and paced the room.

The whole thing seemed like a hideous dream, a wild improbable nightmare, from which she must soon awake.

Bruce false to her! Bruce guilty of a treachery beyond the bounds of imagination! Oh! it was impossible! At this moment he was away, miles away, innocent of the vileness this wicked French girl had laid to his charge! Innocent! Innocent! And she, Floris, who ought to have believed in him and trusted him though all the world were against him, had placed confidence in the story of this miserable girl.

Then in the midst of her self-reproach, she remembered the ring, and the fact that Lady Blanche had remained at home, just as Josine had said that she would! Then there flashed upon her some words Lady Betty had spoken on the first day Floris had come to her. She had said that Lord Norman was wicked; that all the world were agreed in painting his character in the darkest colors!

These and other things, which she had thought so lightly of at the time, which she had put down as so much foolish scandal, rose up, and confronted and tortured her!

Half distracted, she paced the room, her face pale, her eyes glittering as if with fever. At one moment she felt tempted to break her promise, to go to Lady Blanche and tax her with her baseness; the next, with a sigh she remembered the solemn promise, and felt it binding her in a band of steel.

The great clock chimed the hour of two, and as its echo reverberated through the huge place, the door was opened softly, and Josine entered.

She seemed in a state of suppressed excitement, her thin lips set tightly together, her black beady eyes gleaming like coals.

"Hush!" she whispered, huskily, and putting up a warning finger, for Floris seemed about to cry out. "Do not speak, mademoiselle, but come with me! She has gone downstairs, and he will be here presently."

"*He!* *He* means Lord Norman," thought Floris, and a wild impulse to burst into laughter seized her, and was with difficulty controlled.

"Come, mademoiselle!" whispered Josine; "come, and see for yourself that Josine did not lie!" and she beckoned Floris to the door.

Almost like one in a dream Floris followed her.

With stealthy tread Josine led the way down the long corridor to one of the back-stairs.

Then Floris hesitated. Why should she play the spy?

Why should she humor this mad creature? She would refuse positively to go another step farther.

Josine crept back to her side, and laid a hand on her arm.

"What is mademoiselle afraid of?" she hissed. "You do not believe that what I say is true? You do not believe that Milord Norman has returned?"

Floris shook her head, with a very faint scorn.

"Good! Then why should not mademoiselle see for herself? Bah, say that it is but to humor poor Josine! Say that it is but to give her a chance of making good her words. Mademoiselle will come for that reason, if for no other!"

Floris put her hand to her brow.

"Very well!" she murmured. "I will come."

Josine stole down the stairs, and Floris following her, in the same half-torpid state, found herself in a small hall outside the conservatory.

She recognized it at once as the spot in which she and Lord Norman had discovered Josine hiding. Another coincidence!

Drawing close to her, Josine put her finger to her lips.

"Hush, mademoiselle! Not a word! And remember your promise! Whatever you see you will not betray yourself—or me!"

Floris made a gesture of assent, and Josine, unlocking a door quietly and stealthily, crossed the conservatory, and drawing Floris into a corner, behind the shrubs, pointed to a small room, which led to the conservatory, and was draped at the opening by curtains, partly drawn aside and looped up.

Floris, with the deepest repugnance—which would have been unendurable but that she believed the whole thing to be a farce—looked through the opening, and saw Lady Blanche standing beside a small table.

There was a basket of flowers on the table, and Lady Blanche was making a faint pretense of arranging them, but her whole attitude was eloquent of impatience and deep-rooted anxiety.

At the sight of her Floris drew back with a long breath of fear and doubt.

At every step Josine was making good her words, was producing evidence of the truth of her story!

The room was badly lighted in consequence of the heavy curtains which the gardeners had drawn over the conservatory; but when Lady Blanche turned her face towards the opening, Floris saw that it was pale, almost deathly pale, pale to the lips, and that it wore a settled look of defiant determination that was almost defiant in its intensity.

Josine, looking from one to the other, to the actress behind the curtains, to the victim by her side, smiled evilly and shrugged her shoulders.

"Is mademoiselle satisfied so far?" she whispered, close in Floris's ear. "Here is Lady Blanche, as I promised she would be, waiting—waiting for whom? We shall see! Hush!"

As she spoke Floris heard a man's footstep approaching the room from the other side.

Her heart gave a great bound of dread and doubt, then seemed to stand still, for the door opened and Lord Norman, as she thought, entered hurriedly and went up to Lady Blanche.

Floris uttered a cry; for a moment she did not move, she simply stood as if turned to stone, and gazed into the dusky room. Then she staggered and would have fallen, but Josine caught her with one hand, and with the other, with all a Frenchwoman's ready wit, dashed her handkerchief in a fountain and held it to Floris's forehead.

With a gesture of infinite loathing Floris drawing a deep sigh, shrank back from her and putting up her hand to a statue to support herself, leaned her heard against it.

Yes, it must be Bruce! His face had only been turned towards her for a moment, but that moment had been long enough for her to recognize him.

Not a shred of doubt as to his identity entered her mind, so prepared had it been by Josine's diabolical ingenuity!

As he entered, Lady Blanche started and turned towards him.

"Have you come back? Oh, why did you?" she murmured, and her voice was so low and tremulous that Floris could scarcely catch it.

"Yes, I have come back," she heard him say, huskily, as if he were laboring under great excitement. "I said that I would do so. Why are you so surprised to see me? Did you think I should break my word, Blanche?"

"I hoped you would not come, she faltered.

"And you are not glad to see me? Ah, Blanche, you will not fail me! Think of all I am risking for your sake, my good name and fame, my very honor! Come, Blanche, tell me that you are steadfast!" and he put his hand on her arm pleadingly.

Lady Blanche shrank slightly. Floris noticed it with a vague wonder.

"Blanche! dear Blanch! there is no time to lose!" he went on, still in the husky voice which Floris scarcely recognized as Bruce's. "The horses are waiting, all is arranged! Why are you not ready? You promised me that you would be ready to start!"

"Bruce, I cannot!" she panted, with a sudden gesture of despair. "I cannot do it. You ask too much. Oh, Bruce! think what all this means. Think of the scandal, and—and think of *her*. Poor girl! my—my heart bleeds for her! No, Bruce, I cannot do it. I love you, and you know it; but you ask too much! You must marry Floris Carlisle, Bruce! It is too late to draw back now!"

"Too late?" he echoed. "It is not too late! You speak only of yourself and her. You do not think of me. Do you forget that you are bidding me ruin my whole life? That you are sending me to marry a girl whom I do not love, whom I shall learn to hate?"

Floris shuddered and clung to the arm of the statue.

Her brain was whirling, her eyes failing her. She could not have cried out if she wished. The horror of the scene, the cruel words that left his lips so readily and glibly overwhelmed her.

"Think of what you are doing, Blanche!" he went on; "think of myself, as well as yourself,—and do not forget her! Do you think it would be well for her if I married her after this. Would she be happy when she learned, as she would and must learn, that my heart was still yours! Come, Blanche, I cannot endure this life of deceit any longer! There must be an end to it sooner or later, and this is the best end. The world may talk,—let it! You and I don't care for the world! and as to Floris, she will soon learn to forget me. Heaven may send her a better man: it might do that easily enough, goodness knows! Come Blanche, get your things, everything is ready."

"No, no, no!" she panted. "I will not, I cannot! Go back, Bruce, go back, and rejoin the party; make any excuse you like for your absence! I will not go with you. I cannot! I was wrong and wicked to promise! But, thank Heaven, it is not too late! Go back, Bruce! We—we—shall always be friends. You—you will be happy with her, poor girl——"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is the duty of aged men to see to it that they are "sound in charity" as well as in faith. They are to watch against that petulance which is the special infirmity of old age, and keep their heart.

Bric-a-Brac.

The Moon as a God.—The Chinese hold peculiar ideas about the moon as a God. They imagine that it is one of the higher powers of the air, and that consequently it is to their interest to be civil to it. An eclipse they take to be the attempt of some devil to eat the moon up, and on such occasions do all that lie in their power to protect the orb of night.

Wall Paintings.—Three wall paintings of unusual interest and excellence have just been uncovered at Pompeii. Their artistic value is considerable, but as a record of the domestic manners of the Romans they are still more welcome. The first shows us a young girl dancing to the sound of the flute; a nude slave stands by with refreshments. The second represents a young man at table with two friends, while a slave stoops to tie his sandal. The third represents a feast. One of the company is quitting the table as best he may, with the support of two slaves. All three paintings are in a very good state.

Two Famous Fans.—The two most beautiful fans ever seen are one of lace that belonged to Mme. de Pompadour, and one of ivory, presented by the city of Dieppe to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette on the birth of her son, the Dauphin, in May 1785. The former, of Italian origin, is made of the finest embroidered lace; it took nine years to finish it, and the cost was about $30,000. A row of miniatures almost indistinguishable to the naked eye, but of infinite precision and finish, forms its border; it is divided into five sections, each one decorated with a painted medallion, and all very fine masterpieces of miniature painting.

The Hazel-Nut.—Some of the most famous divinations about marriage are practiced with hazel-nuts on Allhallowe'en. In Indo-European tradition the hazel was sacred to love; and when Loki in the form of a falcon rescued Idhunna, the goddess of youthful life, from the power of the frost giants, he carried her off in his beak in the shape of a hazel-nut. So in Denmark, as in ancient Rome, nuts are scattered at a marriage. In northern divinations on Allhallowe'en nuts are placed on the bars of a grate by pairs, which have first been named after a pair of lovers, and according to the result, their combustion, explosion, and the like, the wise divine the fortune of the lovers.

An African Dandy.—Stanley, the explorer, says that the dandy in Africa is as interesting in his sight as his gibbier brethren of Europe and America. A lion skin, a real lion skin is spread out, a fat crimson bolster is in place of a chair of state, and a circle of respectful principals are seated around. While you are seated expectant of his appearance, the dude is touching himself up before a score of looking-glasses hanging around his house, straightening a hair here, giving another dab of ochre on his cheeks or forehead, a streak of yellow under an eye, a line of white under the other, the ridge of his nose colored still darker with powdered charcoal, a loving tap on his chignon, a smooth of a crease in his red blanket, and lo! the African dude stands before you.

A right-handed man is a man who takes hold of a hoe, a rake, a spade or a fork with the right hand down and the left hand up or nearest the body. A man who habitually puts his left hand down, or for instance the man who places his right hand on the top of a spade, and grasps the handle or shank with his left hand, is a left-handed man. And so with an axe. A right-handed and a left-handed man can work together in chopping down a tree. If they were both right-hand or both left-handed they could not do this unless one chopped on one side of the tree and the other on the other side. And so it is in loading earth into a wagon. If the men stand face to face one should be left handed and the other right-handed. In hoeing a row of corn the right-handed man will walk on the left side of the row while the left-handed man will walk on the right side of it. We think there are more left-handed men (in this sense) than right-handed men.

Proverbs from the Talmud.—The ass complains of the cold, even in July. A single light answers as well for a hundred men as for one. Teach thy tongue to say "I do not know." Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet. Deal with those who are fortunate. The doctor who prescribes gratuitously gives a worthless prescription. If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two. The soldiers fight, and the kings are heroes. Make but one sale, and thou art called a merchant. If the fox is king, bow before him. The rivalry of scholars advances science. The world is saved by the breath of school children. Blessed is the son who has studied with his father, and blessed the father who has instructed his son. Rabbah said: "Men should be careful lest they cause women to weep, for God counts their tears." In cases of charity, where both women and men claim relief, the latter should be first assisted: if there should not be enough for both, the men should cheerfully relinquish their claims. Rabbah said: "When one stands at the judgment seat of God, these questions are asked: 'Hast' thou been honest in all thy dealings? Hast thou set aside a portion of thy time for the study of the Law? Hast thou observed the first commandment? Hast thou in trouble still hoped and believed in God? Hast thou spoken wisely?'"

DEPARTING DAY.

BY C. S. B.

Come away to the western windows,
  Where, bright at the day's decline,
The hills, all clothed in golden splendor,
  Drink the sunset's rosy wine!

The valley lies in shadow,
  And "silence reigns supreme:"
The echoes all are sleeping
  Where only echoes dream,

In far-off rocky caverns,
  Where sprites and fairies dwell,
With mysteries around them
  That man can never tell.

The circling silver river,
  That girdles all the scene,
Reflects the sunset's glory
  In gems of "ray serene."

The breezes hush their murmur,
  The flowers bow their heads,
The birdlings 'neath the branches
  Nestle softly in their beds.

A picture from the windows
  Of peace and tranquil rest;
As if God's smile had blended
  With the beauty of the west.

I wish I had been there!
  This thirsty soul of mine
Would drink in all the glory,
  As the hills the sunset's wine.

But fast the flush is fading,
  The evening's gray appears;
It falls around my saddened heart,
  And leaves it full of tears.

A Cruel Vengeance.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

"AND you left him in Mr. de Walden's care?"

The girl hesitated for the fraction of a second only, divided between the desire to tell the absolute truth and the necessity of shielding herself from blame; then there came comfortingly to her ears the echo of that gleeful baby-cry, "Cousin Fwank, cousin Fwank!" and she answered promptly—

"Yes, sir; Mr. de Walden made the engagement over night, and came to fetch the darling in the morning."

Sir George drew a long, long breath, and brushed the gray hair back from his forehead.

"Then he is safe," he said decisively; "he must be safe in his cousin's care. Anita my darling"—taking the death-cold hands in his, and looking entreatingly in the drawn tragic face.—"Frank has not gone; he has lost his train. He will bring back our darling."

But Anita neither heard or comprehended him.

Staring straight before her, with the dull fixed gaze of a somnambulist, she said, with dry stiff lips—

"Harm to me or those I love! I knew—I knew it. I told him that yesterday. Oh, my boy, my little Georgie! Oh that it had been me!"

"This is terrible!" Sir George cried below his breath; and the handsome stately gentleman seemed to grow old, decrepit, and helpless in the sudden stress of emotion. "Anita, for Georgie's sake, be calm and strong. If—if—there is any danger, remember there is work to do."

Lady de Walden raised her lovely eyes with a more comprehending look, as her lips closed, and her small hands were clasped convulsively, as Sir George went on hurriedly—

"I will drive over to the station. Do you have the grounds thoroughly searched. How we shall laugh at all this fuss and terror when Frank brings our darling back!"

"When!" Anita echoed with dreary bitterness; but she had in a measure regained her self-control, and promised to obey all directions so steadily that her husband left her with one fear less in his heart.

But, though thus partially relieved Sir George had quite enough of sharp dread and growing anxiety to make the short drive through the brilliant freshness of the summer morning a never to be forgotten and almost unendurable agony.

"Oh, Heaven spare my child!" the fierce cry of his heart rose unchecked to his lips, as he jumped out at the station door, and put the question on which his very life seemed to hang to the cheery sunburnt station-master, who came forward at once to greet him, all eager attention to the great man of the place.

Yes, certainly. Mr. de Walden had walked over from the Court and gone up by the 8.50 express.

Oh, yes, he was quite sure!—had seen and spoken to Mr. de Walden, and thought he looked very pale and ill——

The station-master paused in his fluent explanation, struck by the thought that, if Mr. de Walden had been pale, Sir George had grown absolutely ghastly.

His eyes were dim and glazed, his hands hung nervously down, and his handsome upright old figure shook as with sudden palsy.

"You are ill, sir. Sit down; let me get you something. Simmons, fetch some brandy," the man cried anxiously; and for the moment Sir George had to yield to the strong compulsion of his physical weakness, and suffer himself to be supported like a child.

But when he had gulped down the fiery spirit the porter brought from the refreshment-room, he pushed his supporter roughly aside, and, with only a muttered word of thanks, made his way to the dog-cart.

With a dull overhanging sense of calamity, with a hot aching in his heart and a dazed agony in his brain, Sir George drove on and on until he reached his own lodge-gate—the pretty honeysuckle-grown cottage that had struck him yesterday as the very abode of picturesque tranquility—until the lodgekeeper's buxom, cherry-cheeked wife came out, not, as it seemed, to accord him her usual respectful curtsey, but to stay his progress.

"Don't go on, sir," she cried eagerly, and earnestly pressing her curly-headed baby, with a sort of passion, to her breast—"at least not yet—not until you know. Oh, poor dear gentleman, how shall I tell you all?"

She paused with a little sob; and Sir George noted her pale cheeks and red brimming eyes with a sort of intolerant anger.

The change in the ruddy smiling face did not surprise him, but it filled him with a savage resentment.

He did not question the woman, and so made her hard task easier, as she half hoped he would; he tried to push blindly on, but she detained him still.

"Oh, not like that, my poor master!" she cried, forgetting all fear in her intense pity for the man on whose head calamity was about to fall in such crushing fashion. "We all love our children alike, great gentlemen and poor folks like me, and there's news to break your heart up at the house. The little master——"

"What of him?" Sir George broke in hoarsely. "Woman, do not madden me! What of my boy? Is he—found?"

The woman looked at him pitifully for a second, then cried, with a sudden rain of tears—

"Found? Yes, the little angel! My lady found him in the shrubbery, quite dead, sir—murdered, they say!"

CHAPTER VI.

"THE course of true love never did run smooth," quoted May Verner cheerfully, as she patted her sister's dusty and dishevelled locks, and did her best to make light of an unpleasant situation. "Come, Essie, crying one's eyes out never does a bit of good, so dry yours and help me to think what is to be done."

Essie raised her pretty head from her sister's lap, and looked into her sister's face with a miserable attempt at a grateful smile; but the effort was a failure. The small under lip quivered piteously, the blue eyes brimmed over, and the girl hid her face again with a little choking cry.

"Oh, it is cruel—cruel! And what has Frank done?"

"Nothing, child," said the elder sister serenely—"nothing, at least, but sent a most blundering ambassador on a most delicate embassy. Any one with the slightest knowledge of papa's character might have known that in such circumstances he would do precisely what he has done."

"But Sir George de Walden could know nothing of papa's character."

"And therefore Sir George de Walden should never have been allowed to interfere. No; if Frank had had one grain of common sense, he would have come straight back, told the whole deplorable story to you and me, and left us to break it gradually to papa; instead of which he sends his stiff-necked old uncle to make all manner of haughtily offensive concessions and awkward attempts at bribery."

"May!"

"Well, he did, my dear; there is no doubt of that! And I am quite sure that papa made himself equally disagreeable; so they parted with a mutually bad impression. You know the temper papa came home in, and I have no doubt Sir George was quite as unpleasant when he arrived at De Walden Court—not that that matters, for I am sure any punishment he gets will serve Mr. Frank quite right."

"May!" Essie cried indignantly; and her eyes sparkled angrily through the tears, her cheeks flushed with her passionate protest. "You are as bad as—as all the rest. I thought you liked poor Frank; but you speak against him; and just now—when——"

"When you mean to give him up," May finished, with a mischievous smile; but, though she smiled her eyes were full of tenderest sympathy, and the slender jewelled fingers touched the dark ruffled locks as gently as a mother's could have done. "Is that it, Essie? Do you mean to give Frank up?"

She lifted the pretty face, and awaited the answer with some little anxiety; but she was quite satisfied with it when it came.

"Never!" Essie said, in a low steadfast tone; and her look was as steadfast as her voice. "Papa gave me to Frank, and he cannot take me back. We cannot defy him; we may have to wait a long time, or Frank may grow tired and give me up; but I shall never care for any one else. I will be Frank's wife or—an old maid!"

If the words were childish, their spirit was womanly and true; May stooped to kiss her little sister, laughing that she might not cry, for she detested any display of sentiment.

"Bravo! Essie, I see you, in mind's eye, with two cats, a plethoric poodle, and a couple of parrots. A charming old scandalmonger you will make in a couple of decades, my dear."

Essie turned away and walked to the window, impatient of a levity that jarred on her own strained pain.

The poor child had been cruelly roused from her dream of bliss, driven out from her fool's paradise relentlessly, and the world held her to-day no possibility of happiness and hope.

As she stood blankly staring out into the sunshine, she could still see her father's face, blanched with such anger as he had never before shown in her presence—could still hear the harsh strident tones in which he peremptorily forbade her to think of Frank de Walden again.

"He has deceived us both, whether wilfully or not, and must abide the consequences of such deceit" he said sternly. "I will smooth no sucking barrister's path with my money, and my daughter shall be no stepping-stone to success; and so I told the pompous old ass who seemed to think even an offshoot of the De Waldens a prize to which we had hardly the right to aspire, and spoke of the paltry hundreds he proposed to settle on his nephew as though they were the revenues of a Rothschild or a Coutts."

Heartstruck and dazed with pain, shivering under her father's anger, and shocked at the coarseness of his speech, Essie would still have made some feebly loyal attempt to plead the cause of her love and champion her absent lover; but May checked her with an imploring look.

The wiser and cooler girl saw how much ruffled vanity and wounded pride had to do with his unjust explosion, and knew that further argument would only exasperate her father beyond all bounds.

So she interposed, directing his attention with delicate tact to Essie's snow-white face and dark dilating eyes.

"You are frightening her to death," she said, in a reproachful whisper; and Mr. Verner, who really idolized his young daughter, followed the direction of her eyes with very quick alarm, though he said, with little perceptible softening of his gruff tones—

"Girls always faint over such matters. I don't fancy it does them much harm. But take her away, May, and, when she has cried her eyes out, make the poor little fool understand that I will have my way in this."

And May had obeyed him, so far at least as the taking her sister away was concerned—anything else was an after-consideration; just then she had to soothe the girl's hysterical fears and prevent the speaking of imprudent words on either side.

Long after Essie had sobbed herself to sleep and regained her lost happiness in dreamland, Miss Verner sat alone in the great drawing-room, for her father had angrily betaken himself to his club, and would not return until late, pondering a thousand plans for setting the crooked things straight.

"They must be patient—that is all," she decided hopefully. "Papa can never resist Essie long, and he is very fond of Frank. Moreover, I must enlist Croxford on their side."

A little dimpling smile that was not due to maiden consciousness played round May's red lips as the last thought flashed through her busy brain.

She was an affectionate and dutiful daughter; but was too clever a girl not to have taken her father's mental and moral gauge pretty well by this time; and she knew that her own aristocratic suitor would be her sister's best ally.

So she despatched an imperative little note to Lord Croxford, bidding him come to her early on the following day, and then, with a pleasurable sense of duty fulfilled and every precaution taken, had retired to rest in a tolerably hopeful frame of mind.

She awoke in the morning with this hope unchecked, and it rose higher still when, at the breakfast-table, her father not only asked with anxious solicitude after Essie, who did not appear, but spoke with something like toleration of the absent Frank, though his indignation against Sir George blazed as fiercely as ever.

"As though the arrogant old ruffian should not be ashamed to show his face after the dirty trick he played his nephew!" he said, chipping as fiercely at his egg as though it represented the head of the offending Baronet; and May bent her head over the tall coffee-pot to hide a little triumphant smile, as she answered demurely—

"It was certainly hard on poor Frank."

"Hard!"

Mr. Verner echoed the word with a derisive sniff.

"It was the most outrageous—the most disgraceful! And then to ask him down to the Court and coolly spring the mine upon him! If the lad had had an ounce of spirit he would never have broken bread under the old traitor's roof. He would have come straight back to me, and——"

"And you would have given him a different answer from that you gave his uncle?" May suggested audaciously.

Her father frowned, and pushed his cup away.

"I did not say that," he growled; "but at least he should have tried me. But I suppose it's the old story—pride and poverty always go together."

"'It is never too late to mend,'" May suggested, with nervous cheerfulness as she came forward to pin the usual flower in her father's coat and looked coaxingly into her father's face. Things had gone almost too well with her as yet; the stern man had been almost too easily managed. She began to be afraid.

And simultaneously with the fear from the first repulse came. Her father almost pushed her away, and his frown grew very terrible as he said between his teeth—

"It is too late, I tell you. Do not nurse, or let Essie nurse, any delusion of that kind. No daughter of mine shall marry into Sir George de Walden's family, as I think he understands."

He went out then with a very determined look; and May's eyes followed him rather blankly for a second or so. But she was not easily depressed; and, when she recalled the concessions he had made in even so short a time, she could not believe that on this one vital point her father would be obdurate still.

"Wait till Croxford talks to him, till Essie grows a little pale and thin!" she cried, with a laugh; and the idea amused her that she had been able to play with her sister's fears.

But when Essie turned away, with a look of blank misery on her white pathetic face, the elder girl's warm heart was touched; she threw one arm round the slim shoulders, and said in hearty comforting fashion—

"You foolish child! Do you think that I would laugh at you, or say one word against dear old Frank, if I were not sure that all would soon be well? Of course I should be crying my eyes out for company's sake. But just for one day's misery I cannot spoil my looks. Besides, Croxford is coming this afternoon. Come, Essie; you cannot really think papa will refuse you anything your heart is set upon!"

Essie looked up wistfully, shaking her dark head, but smiling through her tears. She had an intense admiration for her elder sister's courage and bright wit, an unquestioning reliance on her word; but here she had so much at stake she hardly dared to hope.

"But Frank," she whispered sadly—"Frank must know all now. May, why does he not write?"

May Verner laughed, a sweet little silver peal that was like a cordial draught to the pale and frightened Essie, and shook her sister in the immensity of her amused contempt.

"Write!" she echoed, lifting her fine hazel eyes in emphatic appeal to the ceiling. "A pretty sort of lover he would be to plead his cause on paper! He will come."

"Come!" Essie repeated vaguely; and the shy sweet pink tints stole back to the soft cheeks; the blue eyes lost their strained pathetic look.

"Of course he will, as fast as an express-train and a hansom cab can bring him! Oh, Essie, what a baby you are. You ought to have a nurse still—not a lover."

Essie answered her sister only with a grateful kiss.

A great burden had been lifted from her heart but it was still too full for any words.

She was so young; it was so natural to hope, to believe in her strong clever sister, to trust the father whose pet and plaything she had always been.

"Now run out and play, child, for there is Croxford in the hall, and I must talk business with him," May said, in her good-natured peremptory tones.

And Essie was only too glad to obey her, only too thankful to escape into the grounds where she might wander at peace through the winding shrubberies, under the shadow of the elms and chestnut-trees, or down the little path beside the wide sparkling river, and dream of all the happy hours that she and Frank had spent amid these familiar scenes.

An hour ago it would have been torture to look upon places so associated with the lover she had thought forever lost, and it was painful, still, though May's words echoed cheeringly in her ears, and her heart throbbed high with hope.

All night—nay, all must be well with them again; but the contrast when, without a doubt or fear to hamper their imaginations, they had boldly sketched out a future full of bliss, was inevitably present to her mind.

Hope would have seemed an impertinent intruder when felicity seemed sure—and she clung to that hope with a tremulous passion now.

She seated herself upon the mossy bank, leaning her dark head against the stem of a tall tree, and giving herself up to memory and thought.

She shed a few tears from time to time, but, on the whole, she was not a bit unhappy.

She trusted her sister so implicitly, and May had been so sure that Frank would come.

And somehow the minutes and hours flitted by; she did not know how long the lovers had been tete-a-tete, how long she herself had been dreaming in the sunlight, when she was roused by the sound of a step on the crisp sun-dried moss, and the hurried utterance of her name.

A shadow came between her and the sunshine; and, looking up, she saw—Frank de Walden.

"Essie!"

It was all he said; but the one word was eloquent enough; the shining eager eyes said all the rest.

Essie did not even attempt to answer him—only rose to her feet with a little glad and grateful cry, ran straight into her lover's outstretched arms, and hid her happy face upon her lover's breast.

And for a little space, while the birds twittered gaily in the thick-leaved trees above them and the river rippled musically at their feet, the young people clung together and were utterly content.

Then Essie drew shyly back; but Frank still held her fast.

"So you did not give me up?" he asked, eyeing the sweet flushed face with jealous fondness.

Essie looked up with a swift reproachful glance; but the reproach changed to anxiety, for Frank looked pale and haggard, and almost old, she thought; and her heart smote her as she gazed at him.

"You are not well, dear," she said, slipping her little hand within his arm and pressing it gently in her alarm; but he answered at once—

"Quite well, my darling. You and May have cured me, for May sent me to you."

"You were ill then?" she persisted.

"Ill of suspense and misery," he answered gaily. "Nay, I will confess to such prosaic ills as fatigue and hunger, for I did not sleep all night and came without my breakfast this morning."

"Then come in to luncheon now," cried May's bright voice behind them, "for Lord Croxford and I are tired of each other's company and are most decidedly hungry by now."

CHAPTER VII.

DESPITE the uncertainty of their position and the cruel disappointment one of them had sustained, the four people enjoyed a merry meal in a thoroughly unconventional fashion.

Lord Croxford did not perhaps contribute very largely to the success of the entertainment, being a young man of few words; but he was thoroughly kind-hearted, and by no means a fool, and suited May much better than a more masterful nature would have done.

Moreover, he admired his bright betrothed in such a whole-hearted fashion that he almost seemed to shine with a reflected lustre when seated by her side.

"Does he not look absurdly happy?" Essie whispered, glancing at the tall young fellow whose fair Saxon face was radiant with delight, and whose short-sighted blue eyes beamed through their gold-rimmed glasses with such proprietorial pride.

Frank followed the direction of her eyes and smiled; but the smile was soon followed by a sigh.

"He is so sure of May," he said, not bitterly, but with a painful thrill in the low tone—so low that it reached only Essie's sympathetic ear.

As the best answer she could think of at the moment, she thrust her little hand into his, and whispered shyly—

"No more sure than you are of me."

How could Frank be miserable after this assurance—how continue to doubt and fear when Essie so evidently thought that all their trials were past?

Common sense had but a poor chance in that atmosphere of youth and happiness, even though Lord Croxford, who, for a young politician was considered particularly sound on all questions of political economy, and May, who prided herself on being practical, above all things, presided on the occasion.

Presently, however, Frank vigorously shook off the enervating sense of contented well-being that had replaced his late harassing pair, and roused himself for the work that lay before him.

"With Essie and May both on my side, I ought to win the battle," he said, his gray eyes brightening with the old hopeful look; "but the first thing now is to see Mr. Verner."

Essie grew a little pale, remembering her father's over-night declarations of what he would do and say, should young De Walden venture to intrude into his presence. She bit her lip nervously and shot one piteous glance at May; but her sister returned it with a confident smile.

"The sooner the better, Frank, and fortunately it can be very soon, for I see papa just entering the avenue."

Frank was anything but a coward; nevertheless his heart beat a little faster, and he twisted his moustache nervously, while Essie, looking like a guilty little ghost, pressed closely to his side.

"Courage, my children," May cried gaily her spirits seeming to rise with the occasion, though in truth she was as nervous as any one there. "Papa's bark is terrible, that I admit; but I do not think he ever really bites. Besides, we are four to one, all resolute and strong—ours should be an easy victory. Hark, he is at the door!"

"Tell him Frank is here, May—tell him, please; meet him in the hall, dear, and prepare him!" poor little Essie cried, with whitening lips, as her eager self-torturing fancy conjured up cruelly vivid scenes of dissension, in which her lover and her father played the principal parts.

May hesitated—not from any selfish fear—she would have undertaken the most difficult and unpleasant task possible to save her timid little sister an added pang; but she was by no means sure that it would be wise or polite for her to interfere just now.

"Shall I," she cried, with a rapid appeal to the waiting trio—"or shall Lord Croxford, or——"

"Or shall I myself?" Frank interrupted, with a rapidly rising color and proudly brightening eyes. "May, you are the kindest of girls; but I think that, if I am ashamed to face Mr. Verner, I have no right in his house."

An emphatic and apparently involuntary "Hear, hear!" from Lord Croxford gave point and emphasis to the speech; and, with a frankly-spoken "I think you are quite right," May Verner drew back to let the young man pass, and crossed quickly over to Essie's side.

"Come Essie."

She threw her arm round the little trembling figure and smiled into the white frightened face.

"It is just one wrench, like having a tooth out, you know, and then everything will be right. It is not Frank papa quarrels with—only Sir George; and you do not want to marry him."

But Essie did not smile; she was staring with an agonized intensity of gaze across the room at the door which opened just as her lover reached it, and showed her father on the other side.

For one second the two men stood face to face, so close that they could have touched each other; then Mr. Verner drew back a step or two, with a harsh and dreadful cry—

"You—and here? Heaven help us all!"

All eyes had naturally been turned upon the new-comer's face, all ears had been strained to catch the first words he should utter, and none doubted that these would be angry, even insulting perhaps; but there was no anger in the cry that rang out with such painful incongruity—rather a great horror and dread, that were emphasized by the haggard sharpened face and dazed-looking eyes.

"Mr. Verner," Frank cried, drawing up his tall figure, and speaking rapidly in an impulse of bewildered indignation, "I have no right here perhaps; but you made me welcome; you gave me Essie; and—she and I——"

The poor young fellow broke down with flushed face and eyes that sparkled uneasily, for even he could no longer mistake the strained terror of that unwavering gaze for mere anger at his intrusion.

"Papa, what is it?" May cried quickly; and the tones of his daughter's clear vibrating voice seemed to rouse Mr. Verner.

He came quickly into the room, closing the door carefully behind him; and, as he stood in the fuller light, they saw more clearly the deathly pallor of his ordinarily ruddy face.

He had grown, May though, older by ten years since the morning. It was to her, and not to Frank, that his first words were spoken.

"Take Esther away," he said peremptorily; and, though his words were stern, it seemed to the girl that his voice thrilled with an intense pity.

Perhaps Essie thought so too, or perhaps love gave the timid girl courage, for she took her place by her lover's side, and, though her face grew red and white with painful rapidity, her pretty voice hardly faltered as she said—

"Please do not send me away, papa, because I could not go. Whatever you say to Frank you must say to me. I am just as bad as he, for I love him, and cannot give him up!"

Frank lifted the small and trembling hand that touched his arm reverently to his lips.

How should he ever be grateful enough for, ever repay the loyal love that dared so much for his sake.

"Heaven bless you, my darling!" he whispered fervently, and then turned to her father, anticipating some terrible explosion of wrath, and fervently hoping that it would fall upon his head alone.

But none came.

Mr. Verner stared blankly in the girl's face, then turned his head aside with a smothered groan.

"Oh, child, you break my heart!" cried he below his breath. "Go, Essie, with your sister. I am not angry; I shall not quarrel—all that folly is forgotten; but I have some business with—some bad news for—Frank!"

"For me!" the young man broke in wonderingly, while Essie crept only the closer to him, and held her ground with that strange new courage that love has given.

"If there is bad news, I must help him bear it," she cried; and her soft eyes met her father's fearlessly.

"What is it sir?" Frank asked, having run every possible and impossible calamity over in his mind and found none that could effect him very nearly, "No bank can break and ruin me, and I am so nearly alone in the world that, all being well here, death can hardly touch me."

"Death!" Mr. Verner echoed the always-terrible word with an emphasis that made it more ghastly than ever; his bloodshot eyes rested on the young man's face, as though they would pierce to his soul. "Death can harm every man—and you have—relatives, if not friends."

"Relatives and friends too, I hope," Frank broke in warmly; "but they are all well at De Walden Court."

"All!" the other repeated, with the same strange tone and look.

"Yes, all. At least, I left them so this morning." He paused, and grew very pale, suddenly recalling Anita de Walden's sorrowfully spoken words—"The shadow comes nearer and nearer, and it means harm to those I love, or to me."

Had that wild dreamy terror been prophetic? Had harm come in any strange and terrible shape to the graceful girl-wife or her gray-haired lord? His heart throbbed with an unselfish dread as he said hurriedly—

"Oh, what is it? You speak of them, I know. Is my uncle—is Lady de Walden ill.?"

There followed a brief pause—then Mr. Verner asked sternly—

"Is there no one else at De Walden Court?"

"The lad—little Georgie? Yes; but surely it is not he who——"

"Is dead? It is."

Frank stared at the speaker almost incredulously. It was so impossible to associate the grim and terrible idea of sudden death with the bright-faced noble little lad who had trotted beside him through the De Walden meadows twenty-four short hours ago. He could still feel about his own the warm fat baby-fingers, could hear the merry prattle of the baby-voice, and meet the frank glance of the baby-eyes that were as clearly blue as the summer heavens. Something rose in his throat with the recalled remembrance, and almost choked him, while tears of which he was all unconscious rose thickly in his eyes.

"Little George! Oh, it is horrible—it seems impossible!" he cried at last, while Essie cried softly at his side, partly in sympathy with her lover's pain.

"Horrible indeed!" Mr. Verner said, with a strong shudder. "More horrible than death in its natural shape can ever be, for the child was murdered!"

Essie echoed the word with a shrill scream and May herself trembling violently and very pale, drew instinctively nearer to her sister's side.

But Essie did not see her, or feel the touch of her cold hand; she had eyes and thoughts only for Frank, who was literally stunned by what he had heard, and stood staring stupidly before him. Lord Croxford was the only person sufficiently master of himself to take in the full terror of the situation, and venture a question now.

"Sir George de Walden's son is killed, you say?" he asked, turning his gold-rimmed glasses keenly on Mr. Verner's face, and speaking in the slow sensible tones that seemed to introduce a reasonable element into the phantasmal horror of some hideous dream. "Well, that is very terrible, of course! But, pardon me, why use so shocking a word as 'murder' here?"

May flashed one passionate glance at the lover who was so very little wont to shine with an independent lustre, and wondered what oratorical outburst could equal in effect that plain and pregnant speech.

But Mr. Verner, wiping the great drops of a mortal terror from his wrinkled forehead, shook his gray head despairingly as he answered the young man—

"Unfortunately, that is the only word to use. The poor child was found by his unfortunate mother this morning, strangled, and quite dead, with the little sash the nurse had tied on not an hour before tightly knotted round his throat."

A dead silence followed; even Lord Croxford drew back, turning faint and giddy, and May felt the room whirl round so wildly that she caught at the nearest table for support; but Essie clung to her lover still though the face that grew paler and prouder every instant grew also more indistinct to her strained vision, and when he spoke his voice sounded faint and very far away.

Yet it was clear and even stern; and he stood like a rock before the man who he knew accused him in his heart.

"And do they suspect—do they accuse any one of this foul crime?"

Mr. Verner held the chair before him with a tighter grip and looked away from the proud agony of those large keen eyes.

"They say that—that the child was last seen in your charge, that he stood in your way, and—and——"

"And that I murdered him!" Frank finished almost calmly, as, exhausted by the terrible scene through which he had passed the old man dropped heavily into a chair drawn up against the table and bowed his livid face on his outstretched arms. "Thank you, Mr. Verner; I know the worst now, and I can act!"

"Oh, Frank, poor Frank!" May cried between her passionate sobs. "What madness is this! What will you do?"

"Go back to De Walden Court and meet my accusers face to face!" Frank cried, his gray eyes flashing with a dangerous fire, his clear-cut features seeming to harden with every word. "I harm that innocent baby! I——"

He paused abruptly and tried to loose the little fingers that had clasped with such piteous passion on his own.

Essie had not fainted; she had simply lost all the power of speech or movement.

She could only cling to the man whom fate seemed wresting from her, and try to speak to him with the dumb agony of her eyes.

"Essie my darling," he cried brokenly—for her pain was the hardest of all to bear—"let me go, Essie! Be brave for my sake and help me now."

The white lips stirred, but no sound came from them; the eyes questioned, implored, protested an undying love and trust; and Frank could still take comfort from them.

"Take her, May," he said, with an appealing look; and May drew her sister away—"take her and keep her for me. I must go at once to De Walden Court."

"And I will go with you," said Lord Croxford quietly.

It was his way of showing his unshaken faith in his friend, and he did it in his usual prosaic fashion; but to Frank and May Verner that way seemed the essence of chivalry, the one thing that could give them a gleam of comfort now.

"Yes, go, dear," the girl cried, with such eager grateful passion in her sweet voice and shining eyes as set the young man's pulses throbbing. "Go, and bring Frank back to us, for Essie's sake, and mine."

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was a terrible story that the next day's paper set forth, a terrible story that May Verner read by her unconscious sister's side; and, reading it, the brave and loving girl almost felt that her heart must break.

Mr. Verner's report had been substantially correct.

Lady de Walden, following her husband's instruction, had instituted an instant search through the extensive grounds of De Walden Court.

The servants, exploring in all directions, had found no trace of the missing child; but presently there had been heard scream upon scream issuing from the direction of the shrubbery, and all crowding there had found the unhappy mother clasping the murdered baby in her arms and frantically calling on Heaven to give her back her child.

They were solid unimpressionable folk who looked upon that scene of utter agony; but not one among them will forget it till his dying day.

The baby figure that had been so full of life and health an hour back all rigid and dreadful now, the golden hair floating back from the blackened swollen face and wildly staring eyes, the girl-mother in the tragic majesty of an agony that drove her really mad.

They tried to take the little victim from her, for the burden was far beyond her strength; but she struck their hands fiercely away, and staggered back through the brilliant morning sunshine that gleamed on her bare golden head and blazing eyes and on the pitifully-altered face that lay upon her breast.

"My lady, my lady, cry for Heaven's sake!" her maid had implored, kneeling at her feet, while the tears ran like rain down her own honest ruddy face; but Anita did not even seem to hear her or feel the scalding drops that fell upon her white hands.

She had placed poor little George on her own bed, and sat beside him, never moving her hot eyes from the poor little face that the women could not look upon without a fresh burst of choking tears. She would not suffer any one to touch the child until Sir George came home.

There was something appalling in the utter calm with which she kept her waiting watch; and by-and-by the women crept one by one away and left her alone with her dead.

And presently Sir George came in, his face gray with pain, the veins on his forehead swollen and standing out like knotted whip-cord, his breath coming in great gasping sobs.

He brushed past the pale and frightened servants who clustered together on the stairs and about the bed-room door, and going straight to the bed, gathered the pale little figure to his breast in a very agony of rage and pain.

"My boy, my Georgie!" he cried, his voice hoarse with agony, his strong frame shaken with the sobs that seemed to rend his massive chest. "My little murdered child!"

Even this did not move Anita. She heeded him apparently no more than she had heeded the servants as they came and went, the only difference being that she suffered him to touch the child.

Her eyes still blazed with the same fierce lustre, her hands were still locked in a rigid clasp.

And for once Sir George had no thought, no word, no look for her. She suffered, of course she did!

Was not his very heart riven, his very soul on fire with a wild craving for revenge on the coward whose ruthless hands had taken that sweet child life?

Presently his voice rang out, a thrill harsh note that it had never known before mingling with its deeper tones and giving a strange passionate intensity to his words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNAIL-RAISING.—In Burgundy snail-raising is carried to perfection. The system employed is as follows:—The snails are collected from the vines towards the end of summer, and are then placed in enclosures dignified with the name of "parks," to fatten on thyme, peppermint, and other herbs, which experience has proven to be most suitable.

A damp and shady nook is selected for the park, and the prisoners are kept within bounds by the simple contrivance of sawdust and brambles. This does very well in dry weather; but when it rains the farmer's wife and children must be constantly on the alert to turn back the runaways. The fattening process goes on until the approach of winter, when tufts of moss and bunches of dry leaves are thrown into the park.

Into these the snails creep, and then, to increase their comfort, proceed to seal themselves up in their shells. In the case of Burgundy snails, the sealing substance exuded forms a thick, calcareous crust. When the creatures have completed their arrangements for hibernating is just the time when they are considered in prime condition for the table.

The full-grown ones are then used as they are wanted for the market, the younger ones being left to swell next year's crop. Nature having furnished snails with extraordinary powers of reproduction, each individual both male and female, and the outlay in snail-farming being only represented by the time and trouble spent in collecting them and keeping them from straying, they must be a source of considerable revenue to the snail cultivators of Burgundy. Large profits must be gained by all concerned in the business, when we consider that snails when cooked are sold in Paris at about a franc a dozen. The theory that snails are excellent food for weakly and especially for consumptive persons is not an article of faith with the French peasantry, but is upheld by medical opinion in France; and fastidious people suffering from coughs, who may be staying in France, had better ask no questions respecting the ingredients of a certain "sirop" that is extensively prescribed to such patients, if they wish to give French medical practice a fair trial.

THE GIFTS.

If I could give you what would outlast time—
Remain as fixed as polar star above—
Something to live and thrive in any clime,
I'd give my love!

And should you ask for that more true than steel,
A something of yourself a kindred part,
My inmost thought I'd then to thee reveal,
And give my heart!

Should friends desert you, fortune cease to smile;
Should joy itself appear beyond recall,
Your weary moments I would then beguile,
And give my all!

But if some lofty sacrifice you'd ask,
How glad I'd yield me to your control,
And give—since giving is Love's sweetest task—
My very soul!

And, O, believe me, could I turn away
One cruel shaft, one pang of this world's strife
From your great heart, this day
I'd give my life!

ON AND OFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "LOVER AND LORD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

EARLY on Sunday morning, a messenger brought her a note which made her heart leap, and the color rush to her face. It was from her husband; the first she had from him since they had been married, and was a curious contrast to her last received letter.

"Plaisance Cottage, Sunday, 7 A. M.

"DEAR ADA,—Lady Clitheroe is ill. She has one of her usual attacks, not especially bad, but needing constant attendance. Her maid was unwell herself, and this morning has given up. The woman of the house is perfectly useless. Can you come out for the day?

"Yours affectionately,
"WILFRID CHESNEY."

Mr. Plympton was unusually well, so that she could leave him with a clear conscience in the charge of his man-servant, who was very nearly as good a nurse as herself.

When he heard of the emergency, he of course insisted on her going forth to the rescue as soon as she had breakfasted; so before long, she was driving through the lanes in one of those tiny carriages described by Freddy, and now and then alleviating her sympathetic regret at the cause of her expedition with enjoyment of Major Bangham's discomfiture.

"It ought to settle the matter," she thought.

Wilfrid met her at the door of Plaisance Cottage.

"I thought you would come," he said, and shook hands warmly.

"How is she?"

"Not in danger, but suffering a good deal. I think the worst is over, and I want to get Lord Clitheroe to bed. I daresay he will go now you have come. The maid will have to be looked a little after too."

Lord Clitheroe appeared at the head of the little stairs, looking haggard after his sleepless night. He welcomed Ada, and yielded to Wilfrid's recommendations to go to bed; for indeed the poor man could scarcely keep his eyes open.

Wilfrid himself looked only a little tired and Ada was far too much afraid of undivided responsibility to suggest his retiring. As soon, however, as she felt tolerably at home in the sick-room, she asked him if he had had any breakfast.

"I had a glass of milk and some bread some time ago. I have scarcely been able to leave the room."

"You could go now, couldn't you? I could call if there is the least occasion. It would not do for you to give up."

"Well, no; and I ought to set a good example. I always insist on people who are nursing taking their regular meals. I will see about it. But it is kind of you to think of me," he added, with a sudden change of tone.

Ada blushed deeply and vividly.

"Kind of her"—his wife—to have the simplest thought for his needs! When her duty was to be caring for him every day as she was now caring for a stranger, while all his thought and help and tenderness were bought and paid for by Lady Clitheroe!

The unshed tears stung her eyes, but she forced them back, and gave her whole mind to her duties.

They were not light. There was much to be done for the mistress, and something for the maid; and both forms of illness were of a sort of which Ada had no experience, so that she was anxious and uncertain of herself.

Nothing of this would have been guessed from her quiet watchfulness and ready ministry; common sense and sympathy were enough to enable her to act under Wilfrid, and twenty times that day he blessed his stars (to use his own form of thanksgiving) that she had been within reach.

They were drawn closer together than ever they had been before, as they worked in harmony for relieving the two sick women,—he directing, she helping and seconding him,—until towards afternoon the servant's indisposition (which had never been serious) needed no more treatment, and Lady Clitheroe, relieved from pain, had fallen into a sound sleep.

Ada signed to Wilfrid, and they stepped outside the bed-room. She looked at him inquiringly.

"She is all right now," he said. "Probably she will sleep for some hours, and when she wakes there will not be much to do for her."

"Then," said Ada timidly, "won't you go to bed now? I will stay until Lord Clitheroe comes back; and you were up all night."

"Thinking about me again? It is good of you; but you needn't. I'm tough. But what a good nurse you are, Ada! I had no idea that would have been your line."

He did not know that this was the first time he had called her by her name since they had met again, but she did. She found it hard to answer calmly:

"I have had a good deal of practice with Mr. Plympton, of course."

"I thought you didn't like sick men. I remember you once said they were hateful or something of the sort. I thought then it was a bad prospect for me if I were sick, but after all you are a born nurse."

"It was a 'nasty' speech," said Ada; "but I hope I am not quite so hard-hearted now."

"You are not hard-hearted at all, and I don't believe you ever were. If I were sick how—but what nonsense I'm talking—that comes of sitting up all night. I'm never sick. I feel muddled now, though; I don't quite know what I'm saying; you must excuse me. I think if you will sit with Lady Clitheroe for the present, I will take advantage of your kindness, and go to bed for a few hours. Lord Clitheroe will be sure to turn up soon. I'll order some tea for you now. Good-bye; and thank you very much for your kind help; I am sure we are greatly indebted to you."

He shook hands hastily, and was gone before she could say a word.

"That was an awfully close shave," he thought, as he plunged under the blanket. "Wilfrid, my boy, you've had the narrowest escape of making a fool of yourself that ever you had since you were born. But how could I tell that she was going to turn out such a—such a—brick?"

Slumber suddenly dropped on him like a featherbed, and smothered all his reflections.

Ada sat in the quiet room that summer Sunday evening, while the softened sunshine lay all around, and the scent of the great cabbage-roses in the little garden came up to her.

She was tired and happy; all was well with her patient; and somehow, some time might not all be well with her?

For now she could see that her husband's heart was turning to her, and she did not care that he still tried to hold her at arm's length, and treat her as a stranger.

"He won't keep that up long," she thought, triumphantly; though she did not know what would happen when he failed, and, just now, she did not care.

CHAPTER VI.

MAJOR BANGHAM had had an exceedingly uncomfortable time of it in church.

Under the most favorable circumstances it was not an institution which suited his tastes; but this Sunday he had had no room for his legs, he had sat next to a High Church lady, who looked daggers at him when he stared about and fidgeted—and last, and worst, he had seen nothing of Ada.

He was returning to his quarters in the blackest of sulks, when he met Freddy Whipple.

"Morning, major. You look virtuous, not to say glum. Been to church?"

"Well, yes," grunted the major. "Long time before you catch me there again, though."

"Ah, I thought so. Seemed to me your virtuousness had left you slightly vicious. Now, I'm going to be just as good, and I shan't look vicious after it."

"What are you after, then?"

"Going to keep my old uncle company this afternoon. Mrs. Chesney sent me word that she'd suddenly been sent for this morning to Plaisance Cottage; Lady Clitheroe taken ill. So I'm just going to look after the old buffer a bit while she is away."

"Ah, very right—very right. I hope Lady Clitheroe's illness will not be very serious."

"Hope not; but I don't know anything more about it."

"I must call and inquire to-morrow. Good afternoon."

Major Bangham went home to his luncheon in much improved spirits.

Ada's absence from church was now explained, and, of course, she could not send him a note openly, even if she had had time.

The cause of it pleased him too; the future Mrs. Bangham was quite at liberty to be as intimate with Lady Clitheroe as she pleased, or as she could.

To-morrow, he would call at Mr. Plympton's, and enquire if she had returned, and what news there was from Plaisance Cottage; and if she were still there, he would make his enquiries in person.

The difficulties in his way roused his obstinacy, and a battalion of duennas could not now have prevented him from proposing in the form that he thought most suitable for a romantic attachment, in which there were no considerations of property.

"I shall give my hand," he said to himself, "where I have given my heart. There is enough in it, and I demand no more. All shall be my Ada's, and I desire only herself in exchange."

These sentiments seemed to him so magnanimous, and so well expressed, that he committed them to memory for the benefit of their object.

On Monday Lady Clitheroe was suffering from nothing but exhaustion, and was quite as well as those who knew her could have expected.

Wilfrid had had some sleep in his clothes but was beginning to look rather done up; Lord Clitheroe tried vainly to prevail on him to go to bed, and only succeeded in inducing him to take a walk, by producing various urgent pieces of business to be transacted in the town of St. Peterport. One of these was to leave word for Ada of the patient's condition.

Wilfrid accepted the commissions and started on his way, trudging along between closely-cut hedges that twenty years ago were tangles of beauty, through lanes which once were shady, but which now bear no tokens of their former beauty, except the stiff upright trunks of trees, from which every bough has been lopped away.

By the time that he had finished his shadeless walk, and transacted his business in the town, with much ascending and descending of its steep streets and queer short cuts, and found himself before Mr. Plympton's door, he was both hot and tired.

Truth to tell, he had been keeping that visit before him as a bonne bouche all the time.

Ada was becoming associated in his mind with repose and pleasantness; she was sure to be at home, after a tiring day, and he would rest in the cool drawing-room, and watch her pouring out tea for him and waiting gently on the invalid, and enjoy himself quietly after his anxious days and disturbed nights.

He was wrong in his calculations, however; for the servant informed him that Mr. Plympton and Mrs. Chesney were both out.

She thought they would soon be in, though and asked if he would come in and wait awhile.

It was certainly a pleasanter plan than setting out at once on his hot backward tramp, so he entered the little drawing-room, desiring her to tell Mr. Plympton when he came in that he was here.

The French windows stood open as usual, and the part of the lawn next to the house was in shade. A cane lounging chair stood temptingly placed under some shrub, a little aside from the window, and there Wilfrid sat him down. Although he could not see the inside of the room, he could hear the moment the door opened, and would show himself as soon as anyone came in.

The roadstead lay before him, with the lovely groups of islands beyond, and he remembered how on his first visit Ada had invited him to look at that view, and how he had refused. If he had known how to set about it, he would have blushed to think of his own rudeness.

"I might have treated her with ordinary politeness, at any rate," he growled to himself, "if she was my wife. A regular surly brute! I wonder she ever spoke to me again. She's a hundred times too good for me, and that's a fact; and it was a lucky day for her when she got rid of me. It's a pity though that I haven't tumbled into something settled, a practice at Cape Coast Castle, or private physician to King M'Tess. I should like to have a little place of my own, and Ada to boss it. However, here I am knocking sound, and things are best as they are. "I've got a very good berth, I know—but——"

Gradually these reflections grew somewhat vague, and the view somewhat misty. Nature had her way, and sleep swallowed him up.

About a quarter of an hour later, Mr. Plympton's bath-chair was wheeled up to the door, with Ada in attendance; and at the same moment Major Bangham arrived from the other direction. He was not lounging along as usual, nor smoking, but had an air of business. His dress was something supreme, and the exquisite rose in his buttonhole amounted to a declaration of marriage. Ada's heart sank; she felt that she had no escape.

"So happy not to have missed you," he said. "I have been unfortunate lately. How do you do, Mr. Plympton?"

"Not quite as well as usual to-day I think," answered the latter. "I suppose I missed my kind nurse yesterday. Though my nephew came to keep me company, and I was well taken care of by my good Smith indicating his servant.

"Anyone who has the pleasure of Mrs. Chesney's society must miss her when she withdraws it," replied the Major; "but I trust Lady Clitheroe profited by our loss."

"I left her much better," Ada answered, "but I found Mr. Plympton so much the reverse that I am going to induce him to stay quiet for the rest of the day, and to lie down at once. I am afraid going out at all has been imprudent."

"I hope that does not mean that I may not come in. Will you permit me, Mr. Plympton? I particularly wish to speak to Mrs. Chesney."

Nothing would stop him now; he did not even care that Smith and Jane were listening with undisguised interest. Mr. Plympton gave a ready—though surprised—assent, Smith attended him upstairs, and Jane hurried down to confide to the cook that as sure as possible that fat Major Bangham was come to propose to Mrs. Chesney. As the probability of his doing so had long been a topic of discussion in the domestic circle, it is not to be wondered at that Wilfrid's existence was wholly forgotten in the excitement.

Ada resigned herself to her fate, and walked into the drawing-room. Major Bangham held the door open, and shut it after her, as if he were spider into whose parlor she—the fly—had walked. She seated herself on the sofa near the window, and plied her fan. He drew a chair exactly opposite her, and sat down.

"I need not tell you," he began, "how deeply disappointed I was at church yesterday."

"Indeed," she replied, demurely; "was not Mr. Lefroy as good as usual?"

"You know that it was not to hear Mr. Lefroy—or any other person—that I went."

"I am sorry to hear it."

"You know why I went to church yesterday morning."

"Do I?"

Major Bangham shifted on his chair, and pulled a clean bandanna handkerchief out of his pocket. He felt that he was getting on.

"I sent you a note, telling you that I had but one motive for that and every thing else to see you, and—ah——" He put the handkerchief on his knees, and fidgeted a little nearer her.

"That was the note inside the pens," said Ada. "I don't think you did quite make yourself out such a one-idea'd person, but I know you asked me to meet you."

"And you would have come, if you could, would you not? Oh, say you would have come!" He tried to take her hand, but the chairs were not near enough, and it was a failure.

"No, I certainly should not have come. I don't approve of assignments at church, Major Bangham."

"Ah, I am not so good as you. But you shall be my guardian angel, my divinity."

He gazed at her ardently, with his head on one side, and fidgeted more with the handkerchief.

"I'm afraid the task would be too formidable for me," answered Ada, with a little choke. "I would rather not undertake it, please."

"Ah, say not so." He had got the handkerchief well spread out now, and down he came fearlessly upon the knees of his new trousers. Ada hid her face in her handkerchief, and he got hold of one hand.

"Ah, say not so. It shall be my study to forestall your every wish. You shall lead me with a rein of silk."

These words were the first which fairly reached the consciousness of the involuntary eaves-dropper outside.

He opened his eyes in the bewildered state of a person suddenly aroused from a sound sleep; he understood what he had heard, but his faculties were all in a whirl, and it was a minute before he realized where he was, and what was going on.

In that minute Ada had recovered herself, and when she had spoken, it seemed to him that to show himself would be very cruel.

"Indeed, I have no wish to lead you," she said, drawing away her hand. "Please get up, Major Bangham. I would rather hear no more of this kind of talk."

"I will not rise," he returned, in impassioned accents, "until you have granted my prayer. I will not rise until you have promised to be my own. I will not rise——"

"Then, I am afraid you will stay on your knees much longer than you have ever done before. Do get up. I assure you it is ridiculous.

The Major scrambled to his feet with the help of the end of the sofa.

"Ridiculous!" he said sulkily; "I am not accustomed to be considered ridiculous. I do not see what there is absurd in offering my hand where I have already—where I have already——"

"I beg your pardon, really, Major Bangham, if I have hurt your feelings. Forgive me, and let us be friends, and say no more."

"To be sure I will forgive you, my sweet," answered the appeased warrior, thinking the victory won. Before Ada knew what he was doing, he had thrown his arm round her, and was trying to kiss her.

She sprang to her feet in a blaze of indignation.

"Major Bangham, you insult me! I am a married woman!"

He fell back very slowly, and stared at her.

"Heavens and earth! what do you mean?"

"What I say."

"But you are a widow?"

"I am not, never was; I hope never shall be."

"You told me so."

"I never said a single word about it in my life."

"Your step-son told me so."

"I haven't any step-son."

"That Dr. Chesney—I asked you particularly if he was a relative of the late Mr. Chesney, and you said he was his own son."

"His father is dead; he was the late Mr. Chesney. I never said that I was married to him," said Ada, losing her fire as she began to feel ashamed of herself.

"Who are you married to, then, you lying little flirt?" shouted the Major.

"To a man who can protect her from insult," cried Wilfrid, striding in at the window. "Now, then, Major Bangham, if you have anything more to say, you had better say it to me. You have annoyed my wife enough already."

"Well, then, I say that you two have been in a conspiracy to make a fool of me. I don't care how you twist it; you've told me lies, or made me believe lies; it's all the same. If my life did not belong to my Queen and my country, I'd have you out to-morrow, and shoot you like a dog—I would. But I suppose that was what you wanted to do. It's a—a—it's a shame."

He looked round for his hat.

"Well, look here," Major Bangham, said

Wilfrid more quietly, "I don't deny that things have been hard on you, and that you have some right to complain. My wife and I, for reasons which are nobody's business but our own, preferred to keep our marriage secret. Of course, this brought about misunderstanding; we were not willing to talk about our affairs, and we let you go on with the idea you had taken up. When you think about it, you'll see that we neither of us told you anything that was not true. All the same, of course there was a little deception, and we are both sorry for the annoyance it has caused you. All I can say is—that what has passed to-day shall not be known through us; and I hope you will accept my apology in my own and my wife's name for anything that was not quite fair to you."

He held out his hand. Major Bangham hesitated a moment; then he said, "All right—never mind," shook hands with Wilfrid, bowed to Ada, and left the room.

"There—he's gone," said Wilfrid. "My poor little darling, what a horrid bother for you!"

He sat down on the sofa by her, and drew her to him.

She rested her head on his shoulder, and cried a little.

"It was all of my own making," she said. "Oh, Wilfrid, I must be—I am—a horrid little flirt! But I never meant to be so bad. And I never got into a scrape before—never the least bit."

"You never shall get into a scrape again, never the least bit," answered her husband, looking down fondly at the fair head. "I'll take care of you."

"Oh, Wilfrid, can you? It would be so nice."

"Would it? Should you really like it, Ada? You know it was you who sent me away."

"Yes, but I have wanted you so badly lately. And since I saw you I found out—what I never knew before——"

"You found out—what?"

"That I loved you. Oh, what am I saying? It's as bad as proposing to you."

And she buried her face in his coat, in a sudden rush of shyness.

"Well," he said, with a merry laugh, "I did the business the first time; it's only fair you should do it the second. Anyway, it's done. And see now, darling; we two have come together again, and we'll stick together, fair weather or foul, and nothing on earth shall ever part us."

"But how can we do it?"

"I'll see to that. We'll manage it somehow. What I can't stand is doing without you any longer. I've been fighting hard against it, and trying to believe I didn't care; but when I heard that fellow making love to my wife—Did he kiss you?"

"Not quite," murmured Ada, hanging down her head.

"Not quite, eh? Then I will—quite, and that shall be our second wedding."

* * * * * *

It came all right after all.

Mr. Plympton was the good fairy who made everything smooth for the happy lovers. He declared he could not live at all without Ada, and that he was sure he should live twice as long—not that mattered much whether he did or not—with Wilfred.

So he offered Wilfrid £200 a year to remain with him as his private physician, Ada continuing as nurse and housekeeper, and receive her £100.

If they would live with him, he would settle down in his house in Surrey, and Wilfrid could practice in the neighborhood.

"I am an old man," he said pathetically, "and a sick one. I can only be a burden to myself and all around me, and I have lost all to whom that burden could be lightened by love. If you two will let me share your happiness, I shall feel that I have a home once more; and when I die, you will not find yourselves thrown on the world again."

"Dear Mr. Plympton," said Ada, kissing his forehead, "we will be a son and daughter to you."

Wilfrid had only one stipulation to make and though that was not an easy one to express, it was finally put into shape. He could only consent to take the best chance he had ever had, if it were made perfectly clear that he and his wife had no designs upon Mr. Plympton's property.

When this was with some hesitation explained to Mr. Plympton, he met it by immediately making his will. The Cheeneys were not privy to its contents, but Freddy Whipple was; and as he declared himself perfectly satisfied with its provisions, Wilfrid's scruples were appeased, and he consented to be happy.

The Clitheroes were in despair when they first heard the news, but after a time reconciled themselves to the loss of Wilfrid, by observing that there was no good in keeping him; for from the day when he became—as Lady Clitheroe put it—"engaged to his wife," he was just as useless to anybody else as a boy in his first love-fit.

In truth, he was in love—for the first time in his life, and very pleasant he found it. So pleasant that he has never emerged from that condition, although he is now a noted provincial physician, and Mr. Plympton, (who, being at all times only half alive, is likely to make life last twice as long as anybody else) calls himself a grandfather. Ada has grown plump, and says she has given up flirting. There may be two opinions on that point.

But there can be o y one as to whether she ever regrets that she proposed to her husband.

[THE END.]

Farewell!

BY R. PEYTON WARD.

I GO to-morrow," I said, as we sat down on a flat stone beside the road.

"Yes, so I understand."

"And is that all you have to say, Bell?"

"I wish you a pleasant journey and a safe return," she said, bending over her flowers to arrange them. "When do you think you shall be back, William?"

This is not what I wanted. Cousin Bell was too quiet and calm. I wanted her to feed my craving vanity by some look or word, or tear of love, that I could carry away with me to feast on—and she would not. I determined to touch her some way, even at the expense of truth."

"Perhaps never, Bell! If I succeed in business, I shall most probably settle there, marry there, and live and die there."

She did not answer.

"Would you care for that, my pretty cousin?"

"Hum: I don't know. I wish I could find another violet to match this. Look, what a beauty!"

"You would care—you do care—though you sit there talking about your flowers!" I said, hastily. "Tell me, don't you love me a little bit, dear Bell?"

I drew her nearer, and a softened, yielding look came over her face.

"And if I did, William?"

"It would make me happier in one way, Bell: for I should feel that my journey was only taken for your good, and that in time you would thank me for making it."

"What do you mean, William? Have you lost your senses? What have I done, or said, or looked, make you think—what—what you have just said?"

"I was saying it all for your good," I blundered out, sulkily. "And going away for your good, too."

"Because you thought I loved you too much—was that it?"

"Yes!"

"And so you were kindly going to take yourself out of sight till I had forgotten you?"

I was silent.

"Oh, grant me patience!" she exclaimed; and then, as if I had stung her to the very heart, she buried her face in her hands. At last she looked up.

"I do not think you are to blame for this—I suppose all men are so," she said, so gently, that she took me by surprise. "But I think we had better part now. I hope, when we meet again, you will know women better than you do now."

"Will you give me a flower, Bell?" I asked, feeling with a strange perversity, just at that moment, that I would have died to win her.

She smiled and pushed them towards me with her foot.

"Help yourself, William."

I took up a daisy and a violet, and put them in my bosom.

* * * * * *

I wrote to my cousin several times after I had established myself in my new home in Ireland, but as she contented herself by sending messages in answer, in my sister Maggie's letters, I took the hint at last, and followed her example.

But her silence and her anger did for her what her affection had never done; and if ever a dream of a happy home came into my mind as I sat alone, it was sure to be the face and form of Bell that beautified it. She still remained unmarried.

Three years passed away, and during the summer of the fourth I went for a visit to my country home—thinking fondly to myself, that I would bring my cousin with me when I returned, and keep her there with me for ever.

It so happened that Bell had just returned from her spring trip to town when I arrived, and my favorite sister Maggie was only too glad of an excuse to call upon her, and see the recent fashions she had brought.

"I am obliged to have an excuse, now-a-days," she said, with a merry laugh, "for Bell is very proud, and seems to forget that we used to play together day after day at school. I often think I should like to remind her of it, but she has grown such a fine lady, I hardly dare."

Bell proud, and a fine lady! I could imagine that.

It was in the orchard that we met.

"Well, cousin," she said, smilingly, "when you have looked at me long enough perhaps you will talk to me. A penny for your thoughts!"

"They were not very gallant ones, I am afraid, for I was thinking that though you have grown very beautiful, Bell, you have, also, grown very heartless."

She laughed carelessly.

"And a perfect woman of the world."

"Thank you, sir!" she answered, with a graceful bend of the head. "You are quite as complimentary as you used to be, I see. But never mind what I am, have been, or may be. Tell me what you have been doing all these years?"

"Thinking of you, Bell," I said bluntly, but truly.

She changed color a little, but soon recovered herself.

"It strikes me that you might have employed yourself better. I think the air is growing chilly, shall we join our friends, and go back to the house?"

"You would not write—but have you ever thought of me?"

"Sometimes—when I have had nothing better to do."

"Ah, Bell, be serious, and listen to me," I exclaimed; "I want to tell you how stupid I was three years ago——"

"There is no need," she said, with a sarcastic smile. "I hope you are wiser now."

"And do you quite forgive me, for wounding you, as I must have done?"

"Oh, dear, yes!"

"I ought to have asked forgiveness long ago. I was but a boy then, and little knew what I was throwing away."

"And you think you know now?" she said, looking me straight in eyes with an indescribable glance.

My heart beat fast; the blood flew to my temples. Did she love me, after all? I caught her hand in mine, and murmured, "Oh, Bell, my darling, none can know better!

"Well, what do you think it was?"

"The noblest, purest, and fondest heart that ever beat in woman's breast," I answered, eagerly. "The truest and tenderest love——"

I stopped, amazed, for the blue eyes grew dim with tears, and a deep flush covered her neck, and cheek, and brow.

"Stop, then!" she said, hurriedly. "You have said enough, already, to humble me to the very dust. It might have been that when you first knew me, but it is not now; and, because you have touched one of the old chords, I spare you. You, at least, shall never have it to say that Bell Gordon has trifled with your happiness. I meant that you should, but you have brought back my better nature. Now go, and leave me, William; and, believe me, it will be better for you to meet me no more."

"What do you mean, Bell?"

She laughed bitterly.

"Go ask anyone if I am all you said—anyone who knows me well, and see what they will say. They call me a flirt, and a coquette, as well as a heartless creature, and a woman of the world. And it is all true. If anyone is idiotic enough to give me his heart, I only know how to break it. But you are the friend of my early years," she said, laying her hand on my shoulder, "and for the sake of—of no matter what, I give you fair warning."

"I tell you that I love you," I said. "I ask you to be my wife."

I placed myself in her way as she slowly turned.

"Don't go just yet, Bell. You are not cold though you affect to shiver; and you must hear what I have come all this distance to say. Will you?"

She shrugged her shoulders, leaned against a tree, and looked out towards the sunset west.

"Do you remember our evenings long ago?" I asked, as our eyes turned towards the sinking sun. "Those were pleasant days."

"Yes."

"And now, after so long an absence, I am standing here with you again. Why did you not write to me, Bell?"

She sent a shower of blossoms to the ground, and said, "Don't know—been very busy."

"It is too late," she replied, drily; "we are not children, to play at this game any longer. Go, and forget me; it is your better way. I am to be married soon. There is the pledge!"

She flashed a diamond ring in my eyes, which she wore upon the third finger of her left hand.

She is still the wife of the wealthy man she married, and a queen of fashion. She has one son, who bears my name, and my eldest daughter is called Bell.

I never hear from her—I shall never see her in this world again; but I often sit and think about her, as I have done to-day. Others have loved me more fondly, and made me happier; yet the golden glory of my "first love" lingers about her head, and I cannot, and I would not if I could, forget her.

There may be many more beautiful, and better far; but to my life's end there will be none so fair for me. Farewell, sweet dream of my youth! Farewell!

INTERJECTIONS.—It is true that interjections are unnecessary embellishments of speech; yet we cannot very well do without them. Most of us have some favorite exclamation which does duty on all occasions. The patient Molly, we are told always said "Laws!" when she was excited. The same ejaculation has come to nature's relief on occasions most unexpected. "Lawks-daisy! if she is not kneeling on the bare boards!" cried an old woman, in an extremity of housewifely distress, who, helpless on her death bed, saw one of the quality without a cushion. The interjection was absolutely forced from her. The social and domestic interjection, the habitual "Oh, dear!" and "Well!" or the like, has its exits and its entrances into human converse. We must suppose that "Gramercy!" was once a power in speech; it has given way to "Goodness!" and "Gracious!" and other hints at invocation. "Heavens!" and "Good heavens!" are luckily out of vogue, nor do they come into the catalogue of interjections adapted to the higher use of eloquence and poetry, which, indeed, if so used, would make very stilted domestic talk. As enlivenors of ordinary intercourse, as the natural method by which to set the tongue going, the social interjection is a great portrayer of character. It will be found of many a lost friend that his exclamations and interjections occur to us when we would recall his voice, his greetings, and the genial influence of his presence.

THE beggars of Paris support a bulletin, he *Guide*, by a monthly subscription of eight sous. It contains such announcements as: "To-morrow at noon, funeral of a rich man at the Madeleine;" "At 1, marriage of a clerk, no importance;" "Wanted, a blind man who plays the flute well;" or, "A cripple for a watering place."

Scientific and Useful.

MATTRESSES.—When your mattresses get hard and bunchy, rip them, take the hair out, pull it thoroughly by hand, let it lie a day or two to air, wash the tick, lay it in as light and even as possible and catch it down as before. Thus prepared they will be as good as new.

TO SOFTEN STEEL.—If the piece of metal is small, enclose it in a covered crucible; if too large, enclose it in a lump of well-tempered clay, so as to exclude the air; heat it to a bright red but on no account allow it to get to white heat, or the quality of the steel will be much deteriorated, and then allow the fire to go slowly out.

WOOD PAVEMENT.—A new 'everlasting' wood pavement has been brought out in France. The wood blocks are boiled in a solution of sulphate of copper, sulphate of zinc and chloride of sodium, mixed with heavy mineral oil, linseed oil and tallow. The blocks are afterward compressed to about one-tenth their original volume. In this state they are said to be practically unwearable.

CRUMBLING STONE.—A remedy for the crumbling of stone when exposed to the action of water and air has been used to some extent of late. It consists in heating the ornamental stone-work or other part which it is desirable to treat with a small furnace or blowpipe, and applying melted paraffine with a small portion of creosote. When the stone is heated the paraffine sinks into it, rendering it absolutely air and water-tight.

THE PULSE.—In a horse a good and strong but quiet pulse beats forty times a minute, in an ox fifty to fifty-five, in sheep and pigs not less that seventy or more than eighty for ordinary health. It may be felt whenever a large artery crosses a bone. A rapid, hard and full pulse in stock denotes high fever; a rapid, small and weak pulse also fever, caused by a weak and poor state of the subject. A very slow pulse indicates brain disease, while an irregular one indicates trouble with the heart.

PAPER PIPES.—A novel use for paper has been found in the manufacture of gas-pipes. In addition to being absolutely tight and smooth and much cheaper than iron, these pipes are of great strength, for when the sides are scarcely three-fifths of an inch thick they will stand a pressure of more than fifteen atmospheres. If buried underground they will not be broken by settlement, nor when violently shaken or jarred. The material being a bad conductor of heat, the pipes do not readily freeze.

Farm and Garden.

INSECTS.—If the farmers will burn over the stubble in the wheat fields after it is well dried, they will destroy many of the insect pests that remain in the stubble until the next season.

MILDEW.—Mildew on roses is caused by sudden changes in the atmosphere, dampness and cool nights. Powdered sulphur applied daily, when the dew is on the plant, is the best remedy and preventive.

SHRUBS.—Hardy shrubs in pots are frequently used in England for in-door decoration and the ornamentation of balconies, verandahs, etc. They withstand a great amount of harsh treatment, and a good, healthy shrub is certainly more ornamental than a sickly, tender plant.

THE COWS.—Any cow can be milked dry in a few weeks by irregular milking, sometimes at intervals of twenty-four hours and sometimes six. Separation from her usual company, a change to a new location, a strange milker and scolding voice, are sources of irritation that more or less impair the milking qualities of the cow.

HAYSTACKS.—To prevent haystacks firing scatter a few handfuls of common salt between each layer. The salt, by absorbing the humidity of the hay, not only prevents its fermentation and consequent heating, but it also adds a salty taste to this forage which all cattle like; besides, it stimulates the appetite and assists their digestion, and so preserves them from many diseases.

THE SOIL.—The small streams which often flow through farms are almost invaluable sources of fertility if the mud which accumulates in them every year is cleaned out and spread upon the land. All the leaves, together with the fine mold of cultivated fields, find a lodgment in the beds of these streams. Several loads of manure as valuable as that made in stables may thus be secured every year.

MILK.—Attention has been called in the daily papers to a practice prevalent in some parts of the country, which appears to illustrate the power possessed by milk of absorbing atmospheric impurities. It is that of placing a saucer of new milk in a larder, in order to preserve meat or game from taint. It is said that not only does it answer the purpose, but that the milk, after a few hours, becomes so bad that no animal will touch it.

POTATOES.—Potatoes are ready for digging as soon as the tops lie down. It is best to dig them early in the day and allow them to remain on the ground a few hours, when they should be taken to the barn and stored in a cool, dark place in a single heap. All diseased or injured potatoes should be removed from the lot, or they will have more or less effect upon the whole, as they will be the first to decay. Potatoes may be stored in mounds during the winter, but are not easily utilized in that condition.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 5, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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Ourselves and Others.

"Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," says the proverb; but is it not a fact that our social stone-throwers always dwell in glass houses? People who have learned by experience how closely good and ill are woven together in the web of life, and who know that even the best characters are not free from imperfection, will not be found in the army of small critics who hunt for their neighbors' faults as flies do for carrion. They have learned what the grim old writer called in theological language, "the evil of their own hearts," and can make a better use of their time than in pointing to the faults of other people. But our social stone-throwers have made no such discovery as this. The only consciousness that they have of their own shortcomings is that which makes them envious of those who have them not. If we try to analyze their characters, we shall usually find that either envy or egotism—sometimes both—are the predominating elements therein, joined, perhaps, to a kind of shallow shrewdness, which permits them to see clearly enough a failing in others, but which does not permit them to see that they have some greater fault themselves. Those who make it the business of their lives to find blemishes in others, are people for whom the strongest condemnation would not be too severe. It is, however, quite possible that a habit of criticism may grow up among very excellent people, indeed; and the distance between criticism and scandal is not great. Perhaps the assumption that women spend more time in throwing stones at their neighbors than men have each their grain of truth. In any locality where the interests of life are few, and where there is little contact with the busy world of action outside, and where also there are a number of people who have plenty of spare time on their hands, there is almost sure to be an atmosphere of frivolity and small talk. Dr. Watts tells us that idleness and mischief are always found together; and it is often the case that the do-nothings of society are also persistent mischief makers. In justice to woman, let us say at once that it is not specially a feminine characteristic to take a pleasure in finding out people's faults. The loving trustfulness of a woman's nature too often blinds her to the faults of those with whom she is brought into contact, and she sometimes pays dear enough for her shortsightedness. It is, however, true that until recent years we have so completely neglected the education of women that, outside the circle of their domestic duties, they find very little to occupy their minds, and so take refuge in frivolous conversation. But this—where it is the fact—is our fault, not theirs. Mrs. Candor is no doubt a very unpleasant person to have anything to do with, and the glass house she dwells in is very apparent; but had it been possible for her to have obtained a larger view of existence in her earlier years, she might have risen above the sphere she is doomed to remain in. And even she is superior to Sir Benjamin Backbite, since, for the male busybody there can be naught but contempt. Glass houses we all inhabit, sure enough; and it is our foolish self-conceit that makes us throw stones at those of our neighbors.

"But people will see their own farthing dip shine,
Though they stick it right under a gunpowder mine."

But if we learn to read life's riddle aright, we get cured of this kind of conceit, and go through the world in a quieter fashion than in our stone-throwing days. There need not be any sentimental toleration for wrong, or anything but contempt or stern reprobation for folly or vice, when these things are the result of circumstances which may be controlled. But action teaches us higher lessons than idleness ever taught. The husband who realizes alike the responsibilities of the household and the duties of the citizen; the mother whose life is lived in devotion to her home and children; the social worker who loses self in something that is greater than self—these are not likely to come under the condemnation of this proverb. But the carping, querulous critic of other people's mistakes—the human gadfly, who is only happy when he stings—are we not reminded, when we see him, of the splendid denunciation of such as he in the words: "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

Prompt and Slow.

There is a story told of the late General Gordon, that, when he stood between two stools, he used to determine by tossing which one he would sit down upon. For instance, when two ways lay open to him for attacking the enemy, both ways appearing to him equally advantageous, he would decide the matter by throwing a coin up in the air. If a head came uppermost, he would go to the right; if a tail, he would then go the left. We do not say that the story is true. It is told, however, of that lamented hero, and we give it as a good illustration of one method of avoiding the ground "between two stools." When two polite people meet in the street there is frequently a case of "between two stools." One inclines to the right to let the other pass on the left; the other, however, seeming to exhibit a tendency to wish to pass on the right, the first alters his tack just at the same moment when the other is doing likewise. This see-saw game goes on—each one getting more excited and flurried—until they rush upon one another, and perhaps knock each other over. The result of this wavering has been upon occasions disastrous, especially when either of the parties are carrying anything breakable; and we always do that, if it be only a head! Under some circumstances it might end pleasantly enough. A young lady might, for instance, find herself in a young gentleman's arms. It would, of course, be unpleasant for the young gentleman! There is nothing like making up your mind and abiding by it. If you begin anything, stick to it until you finish it. People often begin to execute some new plan eagerly at first; by-and-by, however, the novelty wears off, and some other plan engrosses the attention. This is a ruinous habit, and there are many enslaved to it. Those who are enslaved to it never accomplish anything. They see one stool, and make up their minds to sit down on it; as they are proceeding to do so they see another, and make for it. Thus they go on, and ultimately find every stool occupied by other people. This is the kind of conduct that is called vacillating, and it gives us in the case of individuals those characters that are described as "Jack of all trades, and master of none." There is nothing for such people to do but to remember that "it is never too late to mend," and immediately begin to mend. There is no sight so melancholy as a half-finished task. Houses that are only half built, and are abandoned in this state by the workmen, suggest all kinds of weaknesses on the part of those who begin the undertaking. People seldom like to give the real cause that led them to forsake the fulfilment of their designs. There is a very unsightly steeple in a certain village which we shall not name. This steeple is unsightly because it is not completed—and what is the reason assigned for this? What there is of the steeple is said by the villagers to have been built by some supernatural visitors. These beings, in countless numbers, appeared one night and stood in a line, reaching from the village to a range of mountains about half a dozen miles away, and thus passed the stones to those of their companions that were building the steeple. When they had built a little more than half way up, a sleepless villager opened his bedroom window to get a breath of fresh air. Alas for that steeple! The spectres vanished from the startled gaze of the villager and left their task as it now stands. There is as much truth, perhaps, in this excuse for an unfinished undertaking as there is in most excuses for similar shortcomings. The opposite of this vacillating character is the prompt man. He seeks quickly the stool that he is to sit down upon, and as quickly devotes his energies to getting down upon that stool. A good example of the prompt man is found in Julius Cæsar—in fact, all great generals are prompt men. Once when Cæsar was sent to subdue the Gauls, who had risen against the Roman authority, he sent this despatch: "*Veni, vidi, vici*—I came, I saw, I conquered." As soon as he arrived at the scene of action and saw the position, he made up his mind what course to pursue, and pursued it. The consequence was—as it always is when people act in the same way—success.

AN eminent English author, speaking of the recent "exposures" of vice in "high life" in England, well says in protesting against such matters being made too public: "I plead for our young men and boys, whose imaginations are being excited by highly-colored pictures of vice, and whose natural thirst for knowledge is being used for unholy purposes by the seducing whisper: 'Read this, and your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil!' I plead for our womankind, who are being enticed to attend meetings where the speakers, inverting the sober language of the apostle, 'It is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret,' proclaim that it is a shame not to speak of them; who are being taught to believe that they are still within the bounds of true womanliness and modesty, while openly discussing the vilest of topics, and who all too soon prove by the eagerness with which they turn to what so lately was loathsome to them, that there is but one step from prudishness to pruriency. Above all, I plead for our pure maidens, whose souls are being saddened, if not defiled, by the nauseous literature that is thus thrust upon them—I plead for them in the name of Him who said: 'Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.' For all these I plead, with whosoever has the power to interfere, to stay, before it is too late, the flood of abomination with which we are threatened." All of which can be applied to many of the dailies and so-called "story-papers" for children and families in this country.

The World's Happenings.

White rabbits are fashionable pets in Paris.

The town of Good Hatchet, in Idaho, is offset Bad Axe, in Michigan.

The newspapers and their outfits in the United States are valued at $60,500,000.

"Green Timbers" is the name of a well-seasoned citizen of Rawlins county, Ill.

Even though a letter be as heavy as a silver dollar, a two-cent stamp will carry it.

A 12 pound colt, said to be thriving right well, is in possession of an Indiana breeder.

Well-behaved convicts in Siberia are now allowed to play baseball as a reward of merit.

An English mastiff, the largest dog of the kind ever exhibited, sold not long ago for the sum of $1,500.

"Globe trotters" is one of the terms for the tourists who take the beaten track round the world.

The most profitable newspaper in the world is the London *Times*. It is valued at $35,000,000.

English capitalists own 21,000,000 acres of grazing land in the West, together with the stock thereon.

A silver watch was found in a watermelon bought by a boy at Battle Creek, Mich., a few days ago.

At New Rochelle, N. Y., recently, John White, aged 21 years, was married to Ellen Mahoney, aged 77 years.

A man with wax birds in miniature cages has been selling them to confiding Poughkeepsie people for fly-traps.

In a legal document recently drawn up at Columbia, S. C., James Davis figures repeatedly as "Gim" Davis.

Atlanta, Ga., claims a dog that steals rides on the street cars, does errands, and goes into a game of leap frog.

There are those who regret that while sixteen grog shops dot the little town of Sadlin, Col., not a church spire is in sight.

An ordinance charging a license fee of $5 an evening for dancing has been passed by the Town Council of Mt. Pleasant, this State.

A company in the upper part of New Jersey is making a counterpane and pillow shams of paper, which retail at 75 cents a set.

"Our Children Cry for Bread," was the motto displayed at a Chicago Socialist pic-nic, at which 300 kegs of beer were consumed.

A farmer of Cushing, Lincoln county, Me., cut and mowed a 40-rod swath with a scythe the other night in a state of somnambulism.

Eating snails is the latest notion of those who like good living in London, and the snails are sold in French restaurants as "escargots."

Pensacola, Fla., has built an enclosure alongside of her city jail, where the female prisoners are kept busy breaking stones for the streets.

Those who fear lest the humor has gone out of the Western frontier, may be reassured. A newspaper just started in Kansas is named "The Thomas County Cat."

A horse was sold a short time ago in Pickens for $1, and the purchaser asked for time to make the first payment, and the seller agreed to let him have twenty years.

A postmaster recently appointed at Currituck, N. C., is said by a New York paper to have signalized his accession to power by painting the town red from one end to the other.

At Mt. Mansfield, Vt., a monument to General Grant has been started in the shape of a simple pile of stones. Each visitor till doomsday is asked to add one rock to the pile.

There is a dog in Charleston, S. C., called "Twodol," so named because his master was obliged to pay $2 in order to rescue him when a puppy from the clutches of the dog-catcher.

Prince Albert Victor, the future King of England, went to church at Yarmouth and took a seat in a large empty pew, from which he was expelled with ignominy by the indignant owner.

Clams to the number of a dozen or so fell recently from a clear sky at Mankato, Minn., the velocity of their descent shattering the shells. The clams were alive and about four inches long.

A man in Livingston, N. Y., tried to fire off a bunch of red bananas, to which he applied lucifers, under the impression that they were cannon-crackers. He was in a hilarious condition at the time.

One of the largest single electric lights ever made was turned out from the factory at Ilion, N. Y., recently. It is 30,000 candle power, and is expected to light the town of Seneca Falls from a position on a high tower.

At Murfreesboro, Ark., a novelty in lynching has been introduced. Where it is not possible to get at the prisoners, the lynchers stuff rags and sheets saturated with coal-oil in through the bars and set fire to the mass of combustibles.

A Christian church has been raised on the site of the famous heathen temple of Bau, in the Fiji Islands. The font has been carved from the stone which stood before the temple, and upon which were dashed out the brains of the victims of the great cannibal feasts.

An association of pharmacists in Paris has been discussing the old question of the influence of plants in bed-rooms upon the health of the occupants. The conclusion is that the plants are beneficial, especially to consumptives, plants without flowers being preferable to those in bloom.

Miss Miranda Davis, of Stafford, Conn., has been gradually starving to death for the last fifteen years. Occasionally she takes a sip of water and eats a few cracker-crumbs, but that is all. Sometimes, it is stated, she goes forty-seven days without food or drink. Although emaciated, her general health is moderately good.

THE FLOWERS OF YOUTH.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

The' winter binds in cold and icy chain,
The field and verdant lea,
The spring's soft wind and gentle pleasant rain,
Relieve and see them free.

Here seasons come and here the seasons go,
The sweet buds yearly bloom;
But Youth fair flowers may once only blow—
This side the rayless tomb.

But on that shore where love's lot is divine
In realms of deathless day,
Forever there their fadeless glories shine,
Unwilted by decay.

The Tables Turned.

BY R. PEYTON WARD.

MR. GREGORY HARDACRE was a plain man. To avoid any possible misconception on the subject, he was in the habit of calling attention pointedly to the fact.

"Sir," or "Madam," he would say, "I am a plain man, with no nonsense about me." Most people would have regarded the first part of the proposition as self-evident.

It is indeed recorded that the landlady of a seaside lodging-house once replied, in answer to the usual assurance, "Lor', sir, I'm sure there's a many people homelier than you:" but this has been generally regarded as an unwarrantable sacrifice of truth to politeness.

As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Hardacre did not use the words in reference to his personal appearance, but in a special and Pickwickian sense as denoting he had a horror of all "shams."

As life in the nineteenth century is to a large extent made of shams, this hyper-conscientiousness on Mr. Hardacre's part now and then led to inconvenient results, by which his unfortunate wife, who liked pretty things, irrespective of their genuineness, was the chief sufferer.

Even the best of engravings Mr. Hardacre regarded as a sham, as being only a picture of a picture.

Consequently he wouldn't tolerate an engraving on his walls, but decorated them with dreadful daubs in oil and water-color, which might be safely warranted originals by reason that no sane being would dream (except in a nightmare) of reproducing them.

Neither would he endure veneer.

Chairs, tables, pianoforte, all were of solid mahogany, strong enough to stand a siege, but as ugly as art could make them.

His spoons and forks were of solid silver, and great was the rejoicing of the dustman when (as will happen now and then in the best regulated families) a spoon found its way into the dust-bin.

The front of his house was of plain brick; cement and stucco being inadmissible in the Hardacre school of architecture.

These, however, as Mrs. Hardacre remarked to her friend and confidante, Mrs. Lamerton, were comparatively trifling matters.

If Mr. Hardacre liked to encourage burglars by using expensive silver instead of good serviceable electro-plate, or to use nasty, ugly paint for his doors and wainscots instead of having them prettily grained in imitation of maple or satin-wood like other people, it was his own affair; but why should she not be allowed to wear a few flowers in her bonnet, or use a frisette or two to supply the deficiencies of her not too abundant chevelure, she really could not see.

And in domestic matters it was still worse.

When it came to the master of the house interfering with the cook's crinolette ("really a very little one, my dear,") and the housemaid's dress improver, saying that he wouldn't have any sham Hottentot Venuses in his service, it was unbearable.

The fact that the poor girls did not understand the allusion made it all the more offensive.

Of course they gave warning on the spot, and no wonder.

In matters of cookery again, Mrs. Hardacre was the least bit gourmande, and had a weakness for little artistic trifles like sole à la Normande and choufleur au gratin, but the appearance of such a dish on the table would have produced a violent tirade from Mr. Hardacre as to the general delusiveness of French cookery, and the immorality of dressing good honest meat and vegetables so as to taste like something totally different.

Mr. Hardacre's typical good dinner was a roast leg of mutton, with potatoes and greens, and his notion of permissible "made dishes" was limited to tripe and onions or a kidney pudding.

Mrs. Hardacre was fond of theatrical performances, and would have liked to spend a couple of evenings a week at the theatre, but Mr. Hardacre's principles would not allow him (or her) to indulge in a form of amusement whose very groundwork is illusion.

If she yearned for recreation, he took her to a severe classical concert, or to a scientific lecture at a mechanic's institute.

On these occasions he invariably, and she not unfrequently, went to sleep; but he had at any rate the satisfaction of knowing that they had been listening (?) to good honest music, or good solid science, as the case might be, with no nonsense about it.

Occasionally, be it said in a whisper, the music or the science was quite as great a sham as anything to be found at a theatre, but Mr. Hardacre did not know enough of either to find out the deficiency, and consequently no violence was done to his principles.

Mrs. Hardacre had no family, and it must be conceded that her life, like that of Mr. Gilbert's policeman, was not entirely a happy one.

She was many years younger than her husband, and had still considerable pretentions to beauty.

A less self-satisfied man than Gregory Hardacre might have feared lest such a course of treatment should tend to drive a young and pretty woman into dangerous distraction.

For ten years, however, Mr. and Mrs. Hardacre had been married, and as yet no electric cloud had flitted across the matrimonial horizon.

Day after day, and year after year, Mrs. Hardacre had sat at the solid mahogany table and poured out tea from the solid silver teapot with the calm serenity of a model English wife, disturbed neither by the gloomy "originals" that glared down at her from the walls, nor the bald head, stubby whiskers, and impregnable self-conceit of her spouse on the opposite side of the table.

It is however an accepted fact in natural history that even a worm will turn if trodden on too heavily or too continuously, and a keen observer, at the date of our story, might have perceived indications that boded ill to Mr. Hardacre's domestic peace. Mrs. Hardacre, generally so placid, was obviously ill at ease.

Ever and anon she would glance at her husband in an anxious, nervous manner; looking away guiltily if she chanced to catch his eye.

She took unwonted interest in his going out and coming in, in the direction of his walks, and the probable duration of his absence.

She received notes in a male handwriting, she carefully burnt after reading, and on two or three occasions, shortly after Mr. Hardacre's departure from the house, she herself went out, and was absent for an hour or two, taking care, however, always to be at home before his return.

Even the servants began to notice her altered conduct, and one and all agreed that "Missis" was carrying on some game that master wouldn't like. It is painful to add that the general corollary was "and serve him jolly well right."

For some weeks Mr. Hardacre remained in blissful unconsciousness of the cloud overshadowing his domestic peace; but one day, chancing to return home an hour or so earlier than was expected, he found his wife absent.

None of the servants could tell him where she had gone, and when she returned a little later, her agitation was such that the most unsuspicious of men could not but have noticed it.

Mr. Hardacre asked her abruptly where she had been. She blushed, stammered, and hesitated, finally saying she had been calling on her dressmaker, Madame Mathilde. Mr. Hardacre prided himself on his acuteness, and it was plain to him that, from some motive or other, his wife was not speaking the truth. He resolved to look further into the matter.

Accordingly he said no more, but with a scowl like that which the heavy villain "dissembles" in an East-end melo-drama, put on his hat and left the house.

He went straight to Madame Mathilde's pretending to that lady that he had arranged to meet his wife at her establishment. He found, as he anticipated, that she had not been there.

Mr. Hardacre was not a man to hesitate in such a case. He forthwith went to his club and thence wrote to his wife as follows:—

"Griffin Club."

"Madam,—Your falsehood is discovered. As I fully anticipated from your guilty demeanor this morning, I find you did not spend the morning at your dressmaker's. Where you did spend it I will not inquire. You have deceived me. I trusted you implicitly, but I find I have been cherishing in my bosom a serpent and a sham. My solicitor will see you shortly and arrange the terms of a separation. Meanwhile, until you leave the roof you have disgraced, I remain here. Your outraged husband,

"GREGORY HARDACRE."

This gentle missive was dispatched to Mrs. Hardacre, by a commissionaire.

At the moment of its delivery, Mrs. Hardacre's bosom friend before mentioned, had just knocked at the door, and the letter and the visitor came in together.

"Oh! Emily," exclaimed Mrs. Hardacre, as soon as they were alone, "such a dreadful thing has happened. Gregory came home unexpectedly to day and found me out, and I told him I had been at Mathilde's. I could not see that he did not believe me, and he went out again directly, and now he has sent me this letter. I daren't open it. It is sure to be something dreadful, and he will never forgive me, never!"

"Nonsense," said her friend, "it's not so bad as all that. It is a pity he has found you out after all your pains to keep it quiet, but when he knows the thing's done he'll submit like anybody else."

"He won't; you don't know Gregory," sobbed Mrs. Hardacre.

"Hadn't you better open the letter? perhaps it may be nothing so very dreadful after all."

The letter was read. "I told you so," sobbed poor Mrs. Hardacre, burying her face in the sofa cushions. "It is a matter of principle with Gregory. He never will tolerate anything false. I told you he would never forgive me."

"Tolerate a fiddlestick! It is a cruel letter, an abominable letter. But he won't hold to it."

"He will, I know he will. It is just the kind of a thing he never would look over."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Lamerton, "nobody ever heard of man and wife being separated for such a trumpery reason. By the way, how do you know that he has really found out the truth?"

"Of course he must have done so or he would never write like that."

"I don't believe it. On the contrary, if he had found out the real truth I don't believe he would write like that. Now tell me, did anybody know your secret except our two selves?"

"And Mr. Wrench, of course," said Mrs. Hardacre; "nobody else."

"Then you may depend upon it your husband has not found out the truth. All he knows is that you deceived him about Mathilde, and he is fancying a very different state of things from the real one. You must put yourself right with him at once. Here are your writing materials. Now just write as I tell you:

"Dear Gregory,—(I suppose you must call him dear Gregory, though he doesn't deserve it). You are laboring under some dreadful mistake. You know how I have suffered from toothache of late. The reason of my absence from home this morning, and on two or three other occasions during the last few weeks, was merely to see Mr. Wrench, the dentist, who has been making some artificial teeth for me. Knowing your rooted objection to anything false I foolishly kept the matter a secret from you, and hence the misunderstanding. Mr. Wrench will fully corroborate my assertion, and I trust you will forget and forgive this, the only act of concealment of which I have ever been guilty. Your affectionate wife,

"ADELA HARDACRE."

"It won't do," said Mrs. Hardacre. "Gregory will only go to Mr. Wrench and make some dreadful disturbance."

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Lamerton.

"Well, then, we'll save him the trouble of going to Mr. Wrench by getting Wrench's testimony before hand. You know him well, don't you?"

"He has attended me from a child."

"So much the better. Now you must send him a note inclosing that one. Write again:

"Dear Mr. Wrench,—My husband having an intense dislike to anything false or artificial I foolishly kept my recent visits to you a secret from him, and I am sorry to say that a serious misunderstanding has arisen in consequence. May I ask you to write a few lines corroborating the truth of the enclosed, which I am about to send him. Yours faithfully,

"ADELA HARDACRE."

"Now then, seal up the other note with that one and send them off by your maid to Mr. Wrench at once. Let her wait for the answer."

The messenger was dispatched. The period of her absence was employed by Mrs. Lamerton in exhortations to a bolder spirit, under which Mrs. Hardacre began to take heart a little. Half-an-hour later the reply was brought. It ran as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Hardacre,—I shall have very great pleasure in satisfying your husband of the correctness of your assertions, and, if need be, in submitting my professional diary for his examination. But surely you are mistaken in supposing that Mr. Hardacre's very proper objection to things false extends to so innocent a matter as false teeth. To my personal knowledge he has worn a complete set for the last fifteen years.

Yours faithfully,

"SAMPSON WRENCH."

Mrs. Lamerton clapped her hands.

"Victory!" she cried. "You've got the whip-hand now, my dear. Send off the correspondence at once to your grand Turk of a husband, and if you ever let him dictate to you in personal matters for the future, you don't deserve ever to have a new bonnet again."

* * * * *

A subtle change has passed over the Hardacre household. The forks and spoons are still of solid silver, and the "originals," as of yore, hang gloomily on the walls.

But Mrs. Hardacre's bonnets are in the latest fashion, and she is noted for her taste in artificial flowers.

Savory little French dishes appear upon the dinner-table, and the parlor-maid wears a dress-improver of the largest size under Mr. Hardacre's very nose.

He still occasionally repeats his boast of being a plain man, with no nonsense about him, but he never by any chance does so within hearing of Mrs. Hardacre.

Peg Lindsay.

BY PIPKIN.

MR. BURNET was the principal grocer in Borderholme, a thriving little market town situated midway between the range of the Cheviots and the course of the Tweed. The town clock struck the hour of eleven as he, standing at his shop door, leisurely unfolded a clean white apron; but he was not a little startled to see Mrs. Majoribanks, one of his best customers, approach him in a very hurried and highly excited state.

"Good morning, Mr. Burnet," said the lady, breathlessly.

"Good morning, ma'am," returned the grocer, with anxiety lest some oversight on his part might be the cause of the agitation. There was a pause, and he ventured to inquire, "How can I serve you to day, ma'am?"

"I want your advice, Mr. Burnet," said Mrs. Majoribanks, with exceptional emphasis. "I want your advice."

Highly pleased at an honor so unmistakable, and strong in the confidence that immaculate linen and a clear conscience invariably inspire, the worthy grocer begged the lady to take a seat for a few minutes in his back parlor. She readily complied, and sat down in the chair placed at her disposal.

Before making any explanation she had recourse to her golden smelling bottle, which she applied freely to her aristocratic nostrils to counteract the oppressive atmosphere, where the odors of herrings and sulphur matches, cheese and tallow candles, seemed to struggle for the mastery.

"I might have sent one of my servants, Mr. Burnet," she said, at length; "But I cannot trust one of them with the simplest commission—no, not one of them! I must have a complete change—every one of them must leave my house on the twenty-sixth day of May."

"Indeed, ma'am! What can have happened?"

"Happened!" echoed the lady, excitedly, taking another sniff at her ammonia. "Of course you don't know. How should you? I must tell you. I always said that it was too wide for my finger, and I always intended getting a guard for it, but now it is too late! It was the poor Admiral's dying gift to me, and it is gone—yes, gone perhaps for ever. Oh, my house shall have a grand clearing out on the twenty-sixth day of May. Now, Mr. Burnet, you must help me to recover it."

"Recover what, ma'am?" asked the mystified tradesman, whose snow-white apron was a comforting sustenance during the trying ordeal of receiving so distinguished a visitor as Admiral Majoribanks' widow in his lonely back parlor.

Thus reminded of the necessity of being more explicit, the lady continued: "Last night, Mr. Burnet, I had a few friends dining with me, and while I stood near the mantelpiece, a valuable ring slipped off my finger and disappeared.

"I heard it strike the fender most distinctly, and we searched for a few minutes, but it could not be found. Not wishing to disturb my guests, I concluded that the ring was perfectly safe, and I gave strict injunctions to my housemaid.

"I told her most distinctly and emphatically to seek most carefully within the fender until it was found.

"Would you believe it, Mr. Burnet, the woman had utterly neglected my order, and my treasured ring—my sapphire ring that the poor Admiral gave me when he breathed his last in our own villa in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice, at Cannes—it is gone—gone Mr. Burnet, perhaps beyond recovery, unless you help me! It has been ruthlessly thrown out with the ashes and rubbish, and cruelly carted away, Heaven only knows where.

"Can you conceive such shameful carelessness and reckless disobedience? The twenty-sixth day of May will witness a change.

"But the ring, Mr Burnet—it was worth untold gold to me.

"The poor Admiral had rendered some slight service to the Duc de Montpensier while they were cruising off the coast of Terra del Fuego, and the Duc gave him this ring, with a sapphire, which was one of two gems that had been worn as earrings by Queen Marie Antoinette; the other sapphire is to-day in the possession of the Empress Eugenie.

"Oh, Mr. Burnet, its loss would kill me!—it would be dreadful beyond endurance. Help me to recover it, and I will be eternally grateful."

Mr. Burnet paused thoughtfully before replying.

Suddenly a bright idea seemed to strike him.

"Peg Lindsay is the very woman for the work," he said; "if anyone can find it, she will. She is very poor, and very hard up, but as decent and honest a soul as ever breathed. She is in my employment at present; I will send for her. I declare, there she is, coming into my shop! This is very fortunate. Let us speak to her."

While the shopman was supplying Peg with two salted herrings, the matter was explained.

"Find the ring, Peg," whispered Mr. Burnet, "and this will be a lucky day for ye."

"Of course you will go immediately," said Mrs. Majoribanks.

"Losh me, mum," said Peg, "I've been plantin' tatties in Maister Burnet's gairden ever sin' the toon clock chappit eight this mornin', and I maun hae ma denner afore I gang huntin' after yer ring."

"Mr. Burnet," said Mrs. Majoribanks, appealing to him, "I don't understand a word the woman says."

"She must have her dinner first," explained the grocer. "In about half an hour she will be ready to undertake the search."

Mrs. Majoribanks was a childless widow; she was rich, and what was better, liberal, and on that account her eccentricity was tolerated, for money, like beauty, will throw a glamor over a multitude of shortcomings.

By a course of indiscriminate alms-giving she maintained a pretty long list of undeserving poor in comparative idleness, and the greater number of her unopened packages of tea and sugar became, by a nefarious system of barter, the property of the unprincipled innkeeper of the "Black Bull."

After a frugal meal, Peg Lindsay set out for Norton Meadow.

Her roughly-clad figure was lent with

the cares and hardships of seventy-three winters.

For Peg had a hard life of it. Left a widow with a large family, all young, she had toiled from morning till night to bring them up respectably; but trouble and misfortune had left her lonely in her old age.

She rented a small room in one of the poorest parts of the town and lived there with her grandson, a boy of eight, who was a promising pupil in his class.

She reached the corner of Norton Meadow that supplied a temporary receptacle for the rubbish collected from the streets of the town, and found Mrs. Majoribanks walking about in angry impatience—partly on account of extreme vexation, but still more on account of the chill March winds, for which even the amplitude of her fur and velvet mantle seemed an insufficient protection.

They soon found the latest deposit, and Peg set to work. Poor Peg looked doubly decrepid and doubly dirty beside the stately, richly-clad figure of the Admiral's widow.

Every spadeful of ashes, etc., that she lifted was carefully examined, while the lady, with shivering limbs and chattering teeth, lent assistance by fearfully emptying sundry egg-shells with her securely-gloved finger-tips, and resolutely reserved her other hand for the irrepressible smelling-bottle.

She offered to send Peg assistance, but this was declined.

"Do you think you'll find it?" asked the lady, anxiously.

"Hoots, ay, mum, if ye'll only hae patience. Ye canna say that I've pit off ony time."

"No, no; I did not mean that. It is strange that I have never before seen nor heard of you although I have resided here more than two years. Do you live alone in Bordertoun?"

"Nae; I hae my deid daughter's bairn, an' we live thegither at the head o' the toon; but he's only gaein' his wan's."

"How much? My good woman, I fear I don't quite comprehend."

"Oh it diana matter," said Peg, stooping to pick up something out of a small heap of cinders.

"Have you found it?" cried Mrs. Majoribanks, quickly and eagerly.

"It's only a darnin'-needle, mum," said Peg, resting a few seconds to stick the article in her dirty jacket.

"This is dreadful! It is more than an hour since you began, and there is no sign of it. And the wind chills me to the very bone!"

"Ay, mum; it's a gey cauld win', an' this me be the last day o' Mairch."

"The last day of March!" echoed the lady, with portentous dread. "And it is this day exactly fifteen years ago that King Louis Philippe's son gave that sapphire ring to my husband. It seems ominous. Are you sure this is the last day of March?"

"As sure as daith," said Peg, with emphasis. "This is Tuesday, an' I ken the month began on a Sunday. Weel, Sunday one, Sunday eight, Sunday twunty-twae, Sunday twenty-nine, Monday thirty, an' Tuesday thirty-one. Ye see I can coont, for a' I never was at ony schule."

"I believe in omens. It will never, never be found!" said Mrs. Majoribanks, the tears starting to her eyes.

"Hoots, mum, where's the sense o' makin' sic a wark about it? Greetin' 'll no dae ony gude. I daursay ye hae siller enough tae buy hunders o'rings."

"My good woman, there are some things that money cannot buy. The lost jewel was once the property of Queen Marie Antoinette, and was given to my late husband by the Duc de Montpensier, King Louis Philippe's son, when they met near the coast of Terra del Fuego."

"Weel," said Peg, impatiently, "if ye'r gaun tae speak in some heathenish foreign lingo, ye might just as hief haud ye'r tongue and haud awa' hame. I can understand plain English when oor minister preaches, an' I can read ma Bible—my dear mother teached me that, for ye maun ken I never was at ony schule."

"I fear I must leave you," said Mrs. Majoribanks, shivering. "I have such an unfortunate tendency to rheumatism."

Peg Lindsay sighed as if not unacquainted with the same affliction.

"You must bring the ring, if you do find it, straight to my house—Admiralty House. I shall be on thorns till you come."

Wrapping her costly mantle still more closely round her stately figure, the Admiral's widow left the spot.

In her eagerness for the warmth of her sumptuous drawing-room and the not altogether unreasonable anxiety for the missing jewel, she hardly thought of the poor old woman, worn down by the weight of years and troubles, still working on in the bitterly cold wind.

She sat down before a glowing fire, her figure sheltered by an elaborate draught-screen, and her complexion protected from the heat by an artistic fan.

She tried to read; it was useless.

She made an abortive attempt to examine a fragment of cobweb-like lace.

Nothing but staring at the ormolu timepiece seemed to subdue her restlessness.

But when the hour was proclaimed by five silvery chimes, her impatience became insufferable.

"Five o'clock!" she thought pacing up and down. "It will be dark immediately, and that stupid old woman fooled me into the belief that she could find it alone! Why was I so easily imposed upon? Half a dozen men shall go there to-morrow, and I will not leave the place till my ring is found; or I will have the town-crier to offer one hundred pounds as a reward for its recovery. My poor husband's dying gift is not to be despaired of without an effort! The precious gem, the lovely sapphire that once graced the royal person of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France and daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, is not to be lightly lost! Lost! Oh, to lose it would drive me mad!"

She rang a bell violently, and a maid appeared.

"Has the woman not come yet?" demanded the mistress, sharply.

"No, ma'am."

"Remember what I told you. Don't keep her waiting one instant when she comes, but show her up here."

The shades of night had displaced the lingering spring twilight.

The fire still burned brightly, and the gas was lit.

A knock was heard at the drawing room door, and Peg Lindsay was quickly ushered in.

Her dingy form stood in highest relief against a rich background of mirrors and gilding.

She seemed blinded and bewildered by the sudden transition from cold and darkness to warmth and light.

She quietly nodded an affirmative to Mrs. Majoribanks' eager question, and calmly began to disgorge from the depths of a mysterious inner pocket a number of miscellaneous articles, among which were thimbles and hairpins and bits of broken toys.

Something tightly screwed up in a piece of dirty newspaper was at length produced which, its covering being slowly and awkwardly unscrewed by Peg's benumbed hands, divulged the ring with its treasured sapphire to the lady's delighted view.

Yes, despite its misadventure, there was the gem, glittering in undimmed cerulean loveliness.

Peg felt overpowered by the profuse thanks and expressions of gratitude showered upon her.

"This is a small reward for the very great service you have rendered me," said Mrs. Majoribanks, presenting a sovereign. "But you can let it suffice in the meantime."

"Thank you, mum," said Peg, in a hoarse voice, and speaking for the first time since her entrance. "It was gay near the last shovelfu', an' I gied it a dight or twae on ma jacket. I did ma best——"

"Good gracious! You are as hoarse as a raven! You must be perishing with cold! Here is something for you."

A glass of wine was poured out, and Peg drank it slowly.

"That pits a heat in ane," she said. "Gin it please you, mum, which is the way oot?"

"Before you go you must give me your address, and you will get some hot dinner in the kitchen. I will give the order. You have done me a great service, and you may rest assured I will not forget it."

Mrs. Majoribanks did not forget. Perhaps some twinge of compunction for thoughtlessly tempting the poor woman to the bitterly cold exposure served to induce her to make some reparation. She found Peg in bed when she went to see her two days after.

A severe rheumatic attack, and a cruelly persistent cough, has prostrated her completely. Her room was wretchedly poor, cold, fireless, and comfortless.

The barest necessaries of life were wanting; for the sovereign had been handed over to an extortionate landlord.

"Is there nothing for you to eat in the house?" asked Mrs. Majoribanks, in surprise.

"There's only a wee pickle tea in the press, mum. A moose might break its leg there, but it couldna break its fast."

Peg's vernacular had an unpleasantly grim humor that was indeed a change from the painfully plausible Irish that Mrs. Majoribanks was accustomed to hear on her Lady Bountiful errands.

The parish doctor happened to call, and the case was plainly stated—there was no hope of recovery.

Then began what the people of Bordenholm termed Peg Lindsay's luck. Mrs. Majoribanks did everything in her power. A nurse was hired; fuel and blankets were supplied; soup and jellies, fruit and wine, were sent daily.

Peg knew she was dying, and her only anxiety was about her grandson, Jock.

"Have no fear, Peg," said Mrs. Majoribanks; "I promise to look after him. When he is old enough, Mr. Burnet, the grocer, says he will take him as an apprentice."

One night, after a long fit of coughing had exhausted the invalid, little Jock sat down to read a chapter from his grandmother's old Bible. They were alone in the room.

"D'ye ken, Jock," said Peg softly, "my pains has gone away. I feel perfectly at rest. Ye maunna sye be a gude bairn, Jock, an' aye thankin' to the lady that's been sae kind to you and me. I'm no lang for this world now."

Tears were in the boy's eyes. He did not answer, but began to read in a tremulous voice carefully tracing each line with the dingy little forefinger. So engrossed was he that he did not observe the almost noiseless entrance of Mrs. Majoribanks.

The weary spirit that had been rudely tossed on life's stormy seas was fast nearing a peaceful haven; the end of the dreary pilgrimage had begun.

A smile played softly on Peg's lips, and a pleased expression shone on her withered features as she listened to the words of comfort and promise,—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Granny," said Jock, looking up, "are ye wakin?"

"No, my poor child," said Mrs. Majoribanks, stepping forward; "your grandmother died while you were reading."

The boy knelt down by the bedside, weeping bitterly.

Peg Lindsay's luck had indeed come!

Near, Yet Far.

BY HENRY SMITH.

DICK FELLOWES flung himself back against the frail door-post of the summer-house till the airy building rocked to its foundations.

"Say only one kind word, Stella!" he begged, looking very white and hurt. "My love may not seem much to you, but at least it's the best I've got to give."

Stella Howard, sitting sweet and calm in her white gown and pearls, half glanced towards her impetuous lover, then dropped her blue eyes again with a suspicion of a dainty shudder.

Dick's hands were so very big and red, and his evening dress looked as if it came out of the ark.

Of course he was very good and nice, and Stella didn't mind his clumsy little attentions when no one more interesting was at hand; but to be made love to by a big, awkward, young civil engineer, working on the new railway line!—a creature who couldn't sing, or play billiards—who entered a room like a wandering elephant, and was forever buried in diagrams and calculations, instead of talking society chatter!

Stella could not help feeling it a decided liberty on Dick Fellowes' part to imagine himself entitled to love Colonel Howard's only daughter, and she heartily wished she had never suggested his being asked to dinner—at which he had overturned a glass of Chablis over her new lace flounces—or consented to show him the gardens in the soft sunset glow of that June evening.

"I don't know what to say," she said, trying not to show her disdain too plainly. "I've told you it isn't the least use, Mr. Fellowes; your life and mine are poles apart; we can't make them meet. I'm very sorry you should be pained. Try to forget it all."

"Forget!" echoed Fellowes, the blood rushing to his temples. "No, that's not likely. I tell you, while you live no fellow will love you as I have done. Good-bye, Stella; I can't stand any more. Heaven bless you, for all you are so cruel!" and he was out of sight down the garden path before Stella could have stopped him, even had she wished.

What curiously abrupt manners he had, she thought, as she made her way back to the drawing-room through the heavy scented roses to sing the song Captain Thurlow had begged for in a whisper as she left the table.

How odd to go without bidding her father good-bye! and he was leaving Churlstone the next day, she knew.

Captain Thurlow's polished courtliness was a positive relief after such behavior, and as he turned the pages of the "Bohemian Girl," and murmured compliments into Stella's well-pleased ear, Dick Fellowes and his wooing faded from her mind like a disagreeable dream.

Only once did she hear his name in the two years that followed, and that was in connection with the scheme of some proposed Government works, and he was called "Mr. Fellowes, the well-known and rising engineer." Dick rising! Dick famous! Stella was sensible of a little shock of intense wonder.

But there was very little time for any thought of the outside world after that. Colonel Howard died in Afghanistan, and Stella found herself a penniless orphan, dependent on the distant relations with whom she was living.

Even in all her sorrow and despair there was a little ray of comfort in the thought of Captain Thurlow. Surely there was one strong arm and brave heart that would not fail her.

But Captain Thurlow was endowed with a knowledge of the world, which made him keenly aware of the nice difference between Miss Howard the daughter of his reputedly wealthy colonel, and Miss Howard the penniless orphan.

His engagement to a Lancashire manufacturer's daughter was in all the society papers within a fortnight; and as Stella tried to crush out the mortification and resentment from her heart, which seemed full of overflowing, there sounded in her ears, as if it were a prophecy, Dick Fellowes' parting words, "No one will ever love you as I have done."

Was it all the perversity of a woman's nature that made Stella's memory dwell so often and so kindly on the memory of that wooing as the time went on.

In the old days life had held so much love for her that Dick's seemed a thing little worth the having; now that she was that lonely thing, a governess in other people's houses, she wondered how she could have despised any love so honest and so true, and her recollection of clumsy Dick grew to be a very kind and gentle one.

Not that her lot was as hard as many; indeed, the Bouchers were very kind to her. Her pupils were good and affectionate, with the careless affection of children; she had plenty to eat and drink, and nothing to complain of, except that life had passed her by.

She tried to do her duty, to teach the children well and wisely, to help Mrs. Boucher with her many guests and society cares.

The house was to be full for regatta week, as usual, and Stella had promised to give up her holiday till after they were all alone again. She was writing notes for a great garden-party, when the little girls burst in upon her in wild excitement.

"Oh, Miss Howard! only think!" they cried—"Sir Richie is coming—our own dear Sir Richie! Isn't it lovely?" and they gambolled about her like frisky kittens.

"And who may Sir Richie be?" inquired Miss Howard composedly, directing her envelopes.

"Not know our Sir Richie? Why, everybody knows him! He plays tennis with us and rows us on the lake, and buys us dolls! Fancy, mamma! Miss Howard don't know our darling Richie!"

"Miss Howard has been out of society for so long," responded Mrs. Boucher, more sedately, "that there is an excuse for her not knowing at least the name of Sir Richard Fellowes."

The pen rolled on the newly-addressed envelopes, and ruined two.

"Sir Richard Fellowes!" was all Miss Howard could gasp out.

"Yes, the great inventor and civil engineer. He had his baronetcy conferred a few month's ago, when he finished the great railway line to Thibet: and he's just been stopping at Osborne. Is it possible you've never heard his name? Why, he was one of the lions of last season—young, rich, and the fashion. I'm lucky to get him here even for a flying visit, but my husband and he are old friends, and he's wonderfully fond of the chicks. Can you never have heard of him, really?"

"I—I met him years ago, I remember," Stella just managed to falter.

"Then people would think you fortunate However I fear you won't have much chance to renew your old acquaintance; Sir Richie, as the children call him, is such an object of attention from both debutantes and chaperones. He's one of the great parts of the year."

And Mrs. Boucher laughed a little good-natured laugh.

Gladly—gladly would Stella have hidden herself away in her distant school-room that night, and pleaded neuralgia, or any other synonym for an aching heart, rather than enter the crowded drawing-room, whence the soft flow of voices and laughter floated out from the open windows over to her own room in the wing.

But Mrs. Boucher had told her they would want some singing, and governesses must not indulge their feelings when other people's entertainment is at stake.

Stella's heart seemed beating in her ears as she entered the great drawing-room behind a tray of coffee-cups, and hid herself in a sheltered corner near the piano.

At first she could see nothing clearly, the rose-shaded lamps threw so dim a light; then she grew aware of a group of smiling, interested people, all bestowing their most gracious smiles and attention on a tall figure in their midst.

Could that be Dick Fellowes—that broad-shouldered man, with the long brown moustache and close-cropped curly head, who moved and looked and spoke like a man easily confident of his own powers, and used to success and pleasure?

Stella thought of the ill-fitting garments of old days as she noticed the sharply cut of his coat-collar and the grace of self-possession in Sir Richie's every movement.

Dick had red hands and big boots, and suggested a bull in a china-shop. Was there some mistake, after all?

A moment, and then he raised his head, and she caught the old merry smile and the flash of the quick grey eyes; and, half blinded and bewildered with the rush of recollection, Stella made her way to the piano, in obedience to Mrs. Boucher's nod and smile.

Why had Mrs. Boucher asked her to sing "Golden Days"?

It was Dick's favorite song long ago, and Stella felt as if it would choke her.

Her voice shook so that Mrs. Boucher's guests thought their hostess had a good deal over-praised her governess's style, and a Miss Verney near by remarked to Sir Richard Fellowes that she did not admire that *fremole* kind of manner so many girls affected.

"Ah for the days beyond recalling!
Ah, for the golden days!"

sang Stella, with something that was like a sob—so like, that she pulled herself up sharply, and felt as if she had fallen for ever in her own respect.

As she rose from the piano-stool, her eyes met those of Sir Richie standing close to her side.

There was nothing beyond the most casual recognition in the slight bow on both sides, and then Stella got away somehow to her own quarters to find vent for the passionate flow of tears which overcame all her self-control.

Next day was to be the grand garden-party. Miss Howard was supposed to be unostentatiously in the background, dressed in her best, to keep a supervision over her little pupils.

Ethel and Maudie, wild with delight, hastened her out to the tennis-lawn long before anyone could possibly be expected to arrive.

"Just one little game before people come, to try the ground, Miss Howard," they begged. "You know we mayn't play when all the grown-ups are here, and we do so want a little tiny game."

Miss Howard, mindful of her best cream gown an the difficulties of tennis when combined with a plumed hat and long gloves, vainly endeavored to escape.

"Only a little scrap of play," they said. "Ah! you know you can't refuse."

And Stella was forced to laugh and yield.

So that was the picture that met the eyes

of the idle gentleman who sauntered down the shrubbery path among the fragrant syringas, and turned the corner by the terrace steps—a girl's figure in a creamy gown vivid in the hot sun against the green hedge and the trees behind; a shady hat, which threw into relief the crisp bronze hair and the soft flush on her cheeks; a racquet poised aloft, and a flutter of white-winged pigeons towards the dark blue sky. He stopped short as if spell-bound.

"Oh, Sir Richie!" shrieked the children, "you're just in time! Come along, and have a game with Miss Howard—do, do!"

Stella turned with a violent start; the racquet slipped from her gloved hand, and struck her left wrist a violent blow. The pain turned her faint and giddy, and she felt herself grow white to her very lips.

"No, no, young women," he heard the voice that was so like, yet so unlike, the voice of old days say—"Miss Howard won't play with me—she never would."

Then, with a sudden change from the laughing tone—

"Have you hurt your arm? I'm afraid I startled you;" and he came forward very hastily.

But Stella drew away as he approached. "Nothing—it's nothing," she said, almost crossly. "Pray don't trouble;" and, as a stream of gaily-dressed people emerged from the conservatory door, and began to spread themselves over the terrace and approach the lawn, Stella actually turned and fled into the shrubbery.

She had reached the fountain by the statue of the dancing faun before she was overtaken.

"Pardon me," said her pursuer, in a tone that was certainly not Dick's—it was too commanding. "I don't want to contradict you, but I can't believe it is nothing;" and in another moment the little bruised wrist, from which she had stripped the glove, was in Sir Richie's firm, light grasp, and Stella meekly surrendered.

"Sit down here," was the next order; and she found herself placed on the mossy step of the ruined fountain, while, with quick deft fingers, Sir Richie dipped his handkerchief in the cool, clear water, and bound it round the slender wrist.

Could it be Dick? Wasn't it all a mocking dream? Stella could only hope with all her might that the awakening might be long delayed.

The splash of the water in the old stone basin, and the mysterious whisper of the pines overhead, were the only sounds that broke the summer stillness.

The tennis-lawn was too far off for them to hear the merry players; they were quite alone. Did Dick remember the last time they had been alone together? He came and sat down on the broken step by her side.

"Stella," he said, low and gravely, "do you shrink from me still? After all the years that I have been working and toiling to be worthier of you, am I no nearer the goal than when we last parted? Must I ask in vain, as I did then, for the very least little kind word?"

Not a movement, not a sound, from the shrinking figure at his side. His face grew graver still, and he bit his lip.

"Am I to go away, then?" he asked.

Still no answer. With a sudden impulse Sir Richie stooped and peered under the shady hat which hid her face from him.

"What! crying, Stella!" He was on his knees beside her on the green moss. "Have I made you cry? My darling! my own ——"

He was trying to take her in his arms, but she struggled to free herself.

"Ah, Dick!" she murmured brokenly, "I told you once our lives were poles apart; it was false then, but it has come true."

"If it had, which I deny," he said, "the relative positions would be the same. You are, as you have always been, a world above me in all things. But love can bridge any gulf, Stella; won't you let me try? It's my trade, you know."

And then she struggled no longer.

"Dick," she whispered, by-and-by, when conversation had had time to become a trifle less absorbing, "do you remember what you said that night at Churlstone? You told me no man would ever love me as you had done. I did believe it then, but I know you were right now."

"Did I say that?" he asked, laughing. "Well, yes; I was right, I daresay—only I put it in the wrong tense. What I should have said was, not 'as I have done,' but 'as I do, and as I shall ever keep on doing as long as the world shall last.' And that would have been truer still, my guiding star; so let it stand like that for the future."

And that point was settled, once and for always.

Was It Folly?

BY HENRY FRITH.

CLARE VERNON in the pride of her youth and beauty was not only one of the haughtiest, but also one of the loveliest of her sex—the last of a grand and proud old race of which Clare Vernon was grandest and proudest.

Her face was Grecian in its outlines—lofty yet womanly, in its expression, and perfect in its patrician beauty.

Her hair was like a heavy rift of woven ebony, her eyes deep and dusk.

Truly fate and fortune had been kind to her, and given her more than her share of this earth's good things.

Among her few remaining relations was a distant cousin, Irene Melton, whose mother had been a Vernon, and when she died old Rupert Vernon, Irene's grandsire, adopted her as he had done Clare, for she was an orphan.

And then, when Clare was twenty-four, he died, leaving his enormous wealth to the two girls, and they buried him in the family vault where all the Vernons were sleeping, forgetful of their honor and their pride.

His death occurred in the early spring, before the soft breezes began their chanting amid the trees, and when the summer's sun began to paint the sky with its lurid crimson, and from respect to their dead relative the two orphans decided to leave their town-house, and went far away to leafy Warwickshire.

Silverbrook, as they called the town, contained scarcely more than a hundred houses the handsomest of which was a Gothic structure situated directly opposite their present home.

It was the property of Mrs. Warton, the late physician's widow, who resided there with her two sons, the eldest, Hilton, a sort of a literary recluse, an amateur artist and an embryo astronomer, and the younger, Reginald, a physician, supplying the vacancy his father's death had made.

He was a graduate of London, and a strikingly handsome man.

The last was Clare's addition to the information their hostess gave them, but where and how she saw him we do not know, but we have reason to believe she stood in the yard unsheltered from the rain for a purpose, and that purpose to become Reginald Warton's patient.

If our suspicions were correct her ruse was undoubtedly successful, for the next morning she was unable to leave her room and he was sent for and came.

Irene surveyed him as though she had been a connoisseur, and found him tall and well formed, his face handsome, and crowned by gold-darted brown hair and lighted by large bronze-brown eyes.

He pronounced her suffering from a severe cold, which unless attended to, might terminate in bronchial affection.

"Remain with her as much as possible, Miss Melton," he said, after he had finished his call and stood in the parlor ready to depart, "and I will call again this evening."

She laughed heartily after he had gone—so heartily, in fact, that the echo of her mirth must have reached his ears, for he returned to ask if she had called, but she had not, and so they parted, and that evening, true to his promise he called.

But possibly Clare thought her soft silks and creamy laces more becoming than her loose wrapper, for she arose late in the afternoon, and dressed herself in a deep emerald silk, and received him when he came.

What passed between them Irene never knew, but he stayed until after ten, and when at last he did go, she accompanied him to the gate.

Think of it—went down the narrow rose-bordered path with the lowly country physician!

She, that proud, regal woman, through whose veins the bluest blood in England was flowing, Clare Vernon—she whom men had heretofore loved and worshipped from afar.

She was strangely silent that night, and Irene did not seek her confidence.

The following day the orphans had another caller in the person of Mrs. Warton, Dr. Reginald's mother.

They found her bright, chatty, and pleasant, greatly superior to her neighbors. She brought Clare several books which she thought they would like.

They were her son's favorites, and she believed their tastes were somewhat alike.

Clare read them through, and voted them splendid, while Irene began them, and gave them up in despair.

They were dry and metaphysical, and that kind of fiction she hated.

Clare read them, returned them, and borrowed more, and each time she went across the road Reginald Warton brought her home.

At first Irene did not understand, did not dream that she could love him, but at last her eyes were opened.

She saw it all, and trembled for her—for them both.

She was highborn, he was lowly; surely this strange courtship would prove a fatal folly.

She stood upon a high pedestal, he was in the dust. Would she, could she go down to his level, or lift him up to hers?

Irene watched them closely, noted the glad, happy light that rested upon her face when he was near, and saw it die away when he was gone.

The crowning trait of the Vernons was pride, and Clare had more than her share. Would her pride trample her heart's great love beneath the golden sceptre of that love? These were the questions that made Irene tremble for her safety, and to them no answer came.

One night Irene sat up for him to go, and her to come. She meant to sound her on that subject and see as well as she could how it would end. At last her soft silks swept unheeded over the stony path, and he was going.

Ten minutes later she swept into her foster sister's presence like a beautiful vision.

She flung herself into a low willow chair near the window and began to unclasp the glittering diamonds that shone with such smouldering radiance upon her perfect arms.

Irene went towards her and laid her hand upon her shoulder; she turned and faced her, the jewels fell from her grasp; they looked at each other mutely for an instant, while grim, unbroken silence lay between them.

"Clare," Irene said at last, "this is a fatal folly—a fatal mistake. How will—how can it end?"

She did not answer, but Irene knew that she had heard her speak by the way the color faded from her face, by the halt, and light that sprang into and mellowed the glorious lustre of her eyes.

The battle was waging—the battle between pride and love.

"How will it end?" She looked at Irene for a second, and then went on. "It need never end. Irene, do you know I should be happy here—in this farmhouse for ever—were my path in life strewn with Reginald's lasting love."

The pride had fallen—the heart was free.

"Has he ever spoken to you of love?" Irene questioned.

"Never."

She turned her face away, and peered out into the darkness. She did not speak again that night; perhaps she was listening to her heart. Heaven knows.

Early the next morning she went across the road to borrow a book; Dr. Warton was not at home, and Mrs. Warton returned with her to spend the morning with the girls.

They were all standing beside the little old-fashioned window when Reginald's carriage, containing himself and a fair-faced girl, came round a curve in the road.

"Who is that girl?" demanded Clare imperiously.

Mrs. Warton adjusted her glasses and went close to the window.

"Goodness gracious!" she gasped. "It is Miriam Wylde."

"And who is Miriam Wylde?"

"You see, she lives in Silverbrook, and I suppose Regy drove over there for her this morning. She's to marry my son in November. . You must excuse me. Good morning."

A moment later she was gone and it was well.

White and stricken Clare lay upon the floor, while Irene was dumb with horror. Her son's promised wife, Miriam Wylde's betrothed!

"Take me to my room," Clare moaned, "where I can hide my misery and my shame."

Irene took her in her arms and bore her to her room and laid her upon the bed. She turned her face, lighted by the wild, dusky eyes, towards the wall, and lay like a lifeless piece of clay.

She had loved, and that love had been scorned, and she a Vernon. Surely that love had been a fair woman's folly—a fair woman's mistake.

Irene threw herself upon the floor, scarcely daring to look at the silent form upon the bed, and prayed for mercy and for peace.

She knew she was burying her love in the grave of her broken heart—building an unsurmountable barrier about it—a barrier formed by her pride.

Irene trembled for her reason. Clare Vernon had loved as none save women of deep and passionate natures could, and she had lost her all.

The sunlight began to gild the western sky; it sank deeper and deeper, until the last golden dart shot quivering across the earth, and died behind the hills. Then she rose from the bed, her face calm, yet swept by the storm of contending emotions that had shook her soul.

"I am going home," she said, simply. And her word was law.

Irene's dresses were thrown hurriedly into the trunks, which were strapped and corded, and had them carried downstairs.

By this time Clare had divested herself of her *negligé* of cherry silk and dove colored cashmere, and was arrayed in a suit of heavy black.

"My heart is dead," she said, "and I will mourn it."

The train did not leave until nine o'clock; it was seven now. They went down into the parlor, and sat down to await the hand of time and fate. Clare did not speak again. She sat at Irene's feet, her head pillowed in her lap.

Suddenly a step sounded upon the stony path; a step they both knew well. Clare sprang up and stood before the door like an enraged queen when Reginald Warton entered.

"What's the matter, ladies?" he cried, as he looked at their trunks. "Surely you—"

But Clare stopped him.

"Do not ask any questions. Allow me to pass, please," she said, haughtily.

"I do not understand," he said, at last. "Miss Melton, what does this mean?"

Irene looked at them, but her tongue was paralyzed. She was speechless.

"I beg you will explain," he spoke again, "When I left home this evening I hoped to ask Clare to be my wife, Clare, I love you ——"

"Stay!" she cried, fiercely. "Do not utter those words again. To one woman as one should they be whispered, and you have uttered them to her."

"To whom?"

"Miriam Wylde."

"It is false," he answered. "Clare, you are the only woman I ever loved. Miriam Wylde is to be my brother Hilton's bride. Is this explanation satisfactory?"

"Satisfactory!"

With one glad, happy cry she flung her arms about his neck and buried her face on his bosom. It was enough. Her happiness was complete, and in a tiny little church beneath the Warwickshire skies they were wed.

And so the Vernons died, and a fair woman's folly was a triumph in the end.

And talk as you will, love is our kingdom honor our throne, and happiness our crown.

ONLY ten tunes were known in New England in the first ninety years.

THE TUG OF WORK.

In sunshine or shower, fog or fair weather, the approaches to the docks and wharves of the metropolis are every morning thronged by crowds of eager, anxious men, struggling, nay in many cases fighting like wild beasts, to obtain work within the gates. As the hour draws near for the ringing of the great bell announcing the commencement of work, a crowd of often a couple of thousand of men press around the principal entrance of the London Docks, and as the big gates swing slowly open, the mighty mass of humanity rushes forward like an overwhelming flood to the chain-barrier where the superintendent gives out the metal tokens entitling the holder to employment within.

Of course he shows preference to those previously employed, but there is always the chance of obtaining a ticket, and the men strive to clutch one of the precious tallies some with intense and passionate eagerness. They push and jostle and struggle, leaping on each other's shoulders, and fighting and wrestling in the mad rush like famishing animals rather than human beings. The most desperate determination is written on every face, and there is small thought in the mind of any man of that surging crowd for any one but himself. For work means food—poor and scanty, no doubt, but still something to keep the terrible wolf from the door. Failure means semi-starvation or worse.

But of the crowds who struggle and fight at the gates, frequently not more than one-third are selected, and the remainder, bearing their sad fate with as much philosophical fortitude as they can muster—perhaps it is stony despair, rather—turn disconsolately away, some to seek work at other places which open later, and others to wait for a "call" which may occur at any time during the day.

Thus a visitor strolling through the fine docks and admiring the shipping and immense quantities of merchandise piled on every hand, is suddenly arrested by the strange sight of a sea of white, anxious faces pressing wistfully against the bars of a side entrance. Yes, men are still waiting there for any call of laborers that may come during the day. And presently, as you walk, the superintendent appears, and cries—

"One man wanted!"

Instantly all the watchers spring up like caged animals when food is brought them, yelling, shouting, and extending hands. They leap on each other's backs and clamber up to the top-most rails; and all this feverish excitement is to obtain one little metal ticket—perhaps for one hour's work, entitling the owner to fivepence or sixpence at most!

One out of the large number receives the ticket, apparently by chance rather than by any of our manner of selection, and then the noise subsides, and the men wait on, patient, dogged, hungry-eyed, as before.

At another time a call will come for two men, and the same scene will occur again, and so on throughout the day. But of the great numbers who crowd the gates in their desperate struggle to obtain employment, only a very few comparatively can ever be engaged. One in every three or four appears to be the average number who obtain work.

"To meet the requirements of a classic figure," says a well-known writer, "a lady should be 5 feet 4½ inches tall, 32 inches bust measure, 24 inches waist, 9 inches from armpit to waist, long arms and neck. A queenly woman, however, should be 5 feet 5 inches tall, 34 inches about the bust, 26½ inches about the waist, 35 over the hips, 11½ inches around the ball of the arm, 6½ inches around the wrist. Her hands and feet should not be too small."

A TEXAS Judge is accused of plagiarizing part of Washington's Farewell Address, and delivering it to the deeply impressed county Bar as his valedictory.

What Sporting Men Rely On.

When Lewis R. Redmond, the South Carolina moonshiner, cornered, after for eight years eluding the government officials, was asked to surrender, he exclaimed:

"Never, to men who fire at my back!"

Before he was taken, five bullets had gone clear through him, but strange to relate, he got well, in the hands of a rude backwoods nurse."

By the way, if Garfield had been in the hands of a backwoods nurse, he might have lived. A heap of volunteer testimony against the infallibility of the physicians has been accumulating of late, and people are encouraged to do their own doctoring more and more. It is cheaper and quite as certain.

Before Detective Curtis of Buffalo caught Tom Ballard he "covered" him with his revolver. Tom saw the point and tumbled.

Joe Goss was "covered" a few weeks ago and he tumbled, and so did Dan Mace. Death "fetched 'em" with that dreaded weapon—kidney disease. But they should have been lively and drawn first. They could easily have disarmed the monster had they covered him with that dead shot—Warner's safe cure which, drawn promptly, always takes the prey. It is doubtless true that sporting men dread this enemy more than any mishap of their profession, and presumably this explains why they as a rule are so partial to that celebrated "dead shot."

Redmond was right. No man should surrender when attacked in the back. He should "draw," face about and proceed to the defence, for such attacks, so common among all classes, will fetch a man every time unless "covered" by that wonderfully successful "dead shot."—*Sportsman's News.*

Our Young Folks.

THEY SHALL RISE.

BY M. A. B.

The stars are spinning their threads,
  And the clouds are the dust that flies;
And the suns are weaving them up
  For the time when the sleepers shall rise.

The ocean is music rolls,
  And gems are turning to eyes;
And the trees are gathering souls
  For the time when the sleepers shall rise.

The weepers are learning to smile,
  And laughter to glean the sighs,
Burn and bury the care and the smile,
  For the day when the sleepers shall rise.

Oh, the dews and the moth and the daisy red,
  The lake and the glimmers and flows!
The cities and sparrows and daily bread,
  And the something that nobody knows!—

PLAYING AT WAX-WORKS.

BY VERA SINGLETON.

"WE must have wax-works to-night," said Ella to Bob on the morning of her birthday party. "Cook has promised me the new tin saucepan."

"All right!" Bob said. "But what are we to do? Have we to melt a lot of wax first? Do you put wax in the saucepan?"

"Oh no! I am going to put your head in the saucepan. See—here is my list of figures."

And Ella took a scribbled paper out of the little drawer.

"You are to be a wax-work figure—a soldier in armor."

"With a tin pot on my head?" gasped Bob understanding at last.

"Yes," said Ella. "And Tommy Tupp is to be Henry the Eighth—he is fat, you know. And Bertie Binks has a big forehead and big eyes, that is all that is wanted to be Shakspeare. Mary Binks is to be the Queen of Scots."

"Well, where are we to get all the dressing up?"

"The armor is all in the kitchen," said Ella, promptly. "The kings and queens can be dressed out of Aunt Mary's wardrobe and the big old trunk in the box-room. I can get Aunt Mary's heap of ostrich feathers that are to go to the dyer's."

"And grandpapa's dressing-gown," said Bob: "it would make orange and red coronation robes. Let us be quick."

The play-room door was kept closed all day.

Of course the grown-up folk knew that some fun was in preparation, but they were too considerate to ask questions.

Grandmamma, at a turn of the staircase, nearly sat down flat with the shock when she came upon Ella, laden with tin cans and smothered in dish-covers, all clashing like a hardware stall on a very windy day.

"Dear, dear, child! what are you doing?"

"Oh! don't ask questions, grandmamma, or I shall tumble down."

And upstairs all the dish-covers fled, battering and clattering, with the little pair of legs under them.

The housemaid could not find the brooms.

Had the witches run away with all the broom-sticks to take a ride in the sky? And as for grandpapa, not only had he lost his gorgeous dressing-gown and his old garden hat, but when he laid down his snuff-box for a moment on the table, it disappeared as if by magic.

Upstairs in the play-room, Bob had everything ready for the Wax-work Show. He had built and covered a long platform, only the height of a step all along one side of the room, for the figures to stand on, and he had cleared the tables and chairs into corners.

In the evening, when the dining-room was full of a merry crowd of girls and boys Ella beckoned to one and another to come out and upstairs; and stealing away, singly, to be told the secret, a dozen or more were hardly missed.

They had all gone to the play-room, and there Bob was tossing over the heaps of costumes, while Ella directed how the figures were to be dressed.

"Bertie Binks—Shakspeare. Put on Shakspeare's paper collar, Bob, and tie black ribbons on his knees, and stick this pink paper over his forehead to make it higher."

"I won't have that thing," said Shakspeare; "it looks like a plaster."

"Oh! do be quick," cried Bob, plastering on the palest pink tissue-paper. "It is your forehead."

"You want that, Bertie, to make you intellectual," said Ella, gravely. "Now lean your elbow on this pillar, and stand on one leg, and try to see your eyebrows."

She was giving him arched eyebrows with a piece of burnt cork: and he was most anxious to see them, but he found he could not.

Ella turned to her list again.

"Henry the Eighth—Tommy Tupp. He is to have the big hat and feathers, and the large jacket with fur, and those brown paper shoes."

"Oh! can't I be Henry the Eighth?" clamored two boys. They liked the hat and feathers, and they wanted to make out they were much fatter than Bertie Tupp.

But Bob was already getting Bertie's arms into the furred jacket, and Bertie was stuck in it.

"Here is the sleeve; put your arm up, and take the first turn to the right."

"And now," said Ella, "you are to keep your mouth shut tight, and puff out your cheeks. And his jacket must be stuffed, Bob; make haste and stuff him."

"But I can't keep my cheeks puffed out all the time; I should smother," objected Henry the Eighth.

"And I can't stand on one leg until all the others are dressed," grumbled Shakspeare from his corner.

"No; never mind," said Ella. "It will be time enough when they are all coming up to see the wax-works."

Then that mischievous little girl, Hetty Brown, who was to be Anne Boleyn, cried out—

"Oh! do look at Henry the Eighth's legs: he is padded so plump, and his sleeves are so big, his legs look like a pair of sticks."

"I can't help my legs," said Tommy; "they must do, if I keep as fat as I can."

And what more could any boy say?

Next Ella read out, "Hetty Brown—Anne Boleyn—in papa's shiny white macintosh, Bob, with the sleeves turned back."

Several other kings and queens were dressed. One had an orange and red robe trailing on the ground, of a pattern known to grandpapa. Another had a radiant mantle, worn with red silk lining turned out.

And the queens looked very pretty with long gowns, and beautiful fur cloaks, and lace veils of a large pattern suspiciously like curtains.

As for curtain-rings and carpet-rings, they made the most brilliant gold and silver chains for the kings.

There were two soldiers in armor. Bob was one of them. They wore complete suits of pots and pans, with dish-covers on their valiant breasts, and their legs thrust through tin canisters.

Whenever they walked everybody said, "Hush-sh-sh! they will hear you downstairs!"

And when the two soldiers knocked together, the commotion was terrible.

"Oh, do keep quiet and stand still!" cried Ella, putting them one at each side of the door. "Now come here, Dick, and sit on the chair just opposite the door. You are to be a funny little old wax-work man, so very like life that they will want to speak to you, and they won't quite know whether you are wax-work or alive."

Dick was made as slim as possible, with black-tailed coat and tight legs.

A black silk handkerchief was tied round his chin, and grandpapa's old garden hat came down all over his head, so that nobody could know who or what he was, except by his hands, which were the only bit of him to be seen.

In one hand he held a snuff-box, and he was to sit stock-still in the act of taking out a pinch.

This old gentleman, then, sat facing the doorway. The soldiers in the tin-pot armor stood guarding the entrance.

Shakspeare was in a corner behind the door, and all along by the wall the kings and queens were ranged, with a notice on a card requesting visitors "not to touch the figures."

Some real wax-works completed the show—two dolls sitting on the floor, and keeping much more serious than the kings and queens.

A black doll sat at one side of them; and Henry the Eighth's little sister, Kitty Tupp, was sitting at the other side, to take care that the dolls did not lie down suddenly.

You see, both kinds of wax-works had their drawbacks.

The real wax-works kept serious, but they might tumble over, but then they were trying to see each other out of the corners of their eyes, and all the queens were giggling: and King John, with the dressing-gown coronation robe, was poking them with his sceptre to keep them quiet.

Everything was ready. Ella scampered downstairs with an invitation—

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up, and see the wax-work show! the most life-like wax-works ever shown in this country—or anywhere else!"

After giving the invitation at the drawing-room door, Ella fled upstairs to the play-room.

"They are coming! They are coming! Now don't laugh."

Shakspeare stood on one leg, and tried to see his eyebrows. Henry the Eighth shut his mouth tight, and puffed out his cheeks. All the little queens coughed, and cast their eyes down.

"Had not we better shut our eyes?" said one of the soldiers in armor, who was laughing so much that his tins were shaking.

"You gander!" said Bob, "can't you keep steady without shutting your eyes? You ought to stare. All you queens over there—open your eyes and stare hard!"

Now the queens were behind Bob, but the other soldier had to stand looking towards them. So when the poor unsteady soldier saw all the queens opening their eyes to stare, he doubled up with a great clatter. Bob poked him furiously with his broomstick; and Ella was afraid the soldiers in armor would run at each other just as the people were coming in at the door. So she got between them, and kept them and their dish-covers quiet. And as the queens were giggling worse than ever—in fact, Anne Boleyn, who was a mischievous bit of a thing, was pretending that Henry VIII.'s stuffing was coming out; and that made Henry the Eighth so uncomfortable, that he implored Ella to hold the door closed while he got Catherine Parr to see to his buttons and pins.

"Ready at last! Now don't laugh—don't!" whispered Ella and opened the door.

In walked grandpa and grandmamma, and the father and mother of the proprietors of the wax-works.

After them came all the boys and girls of the party, with a shout of surprise and delight.

Ella went round, explaining who the figures were, and they all kept as still as possible.

"Oh, there's Shakspeare! Just look at his eye!" said a group near the door. Shakspeare blushed, as no wax-work could; he was trying not to let his mouth twitch.

"Is this anybody, or is it all clothes?" said grandmamma, in front of the little old gentleman, who sat taking snuff from the box.

"He has my snuff-box, the rascal!" said grandpapa. "Why, he has nearly gone up, head and heels into my old hat."

"It is only clothes—but it has hands," said grandmamma. "Oh, children, this does look uncanny!"

But just then the little old gentleman, who sat so still, caught a whiff from the snuff-box, and gave one sudden sneeze like a shot.

With a clash and a crash down sat the unsteady soldier in armor, doubled up on the floor.

All the queens were laughing too. Henry the Eighth was bursting his coat, and the buttons were flying off.

King John leaned on his sceptre (or rather his poker), and flung the tail of his coronation robe over his face. Shakspeare was on his two feet, hiding his face in the corner.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Bob, taking off his tin pot to make a bow, "the wax-works have become frisky—that is the disadvantage of their being so very life-like. With your permission, we shall close the show."

THE FIREMEN'S PETS.

BY PERCY VERE.

"FOND o' this terrier!

"Why, sir, I should think I am. He's the best little dog in all New York."

So said Bill Robinson, a big, brawny fireman, whom I had noticed playing with the terrier in one of the stations of the New York Fire Brigade.

"If you don't mind taking a seat, I'll tell you a few stories about Ginger, as we call him, that will show you why every man Jack of us loves the plucky wee chap. Would you like to listen?"

Having an hour to spare, I willingly accepted the honest fireman's kind invitation, and sat me down without much more ado. And then Bill at once began his friendly chat.

"He was given to our company some eight years since, and he hadn't been long with us before he became as smart a hand as the best of us, just as if he'd been born and bred in the service. They're knowing creatures are dogs; so human-like, in my opinion, only more faithful than us men-folk, and not nearly so selfish. Ginger soon got very fond o' me.

"And he's as brave as a lion. I've seen him climb a thirty-five foot ladder and jump in at a window from which the smoke was pouring in a thick black cloud, and stay in the burning house till the men themselves were told to leave it."

"But how," I asked, "can he tell when a fire is raging?"

"Well, he soon learned to know all our signs. When a fire breaks out in the city, news is telegraphed to the nearest engine-house, and Ginger used, I suppose, to notice that we got the horses out whenever the alarm-gong struck, and so he came to know what the telegraph meant. But however that may be, the moment he hears the gong, he runs for the horses, and hurries them to the pole, and then bolts for the corner of the street, barking all the while. As soon as he sees which way the horses are to go, he darts on ahead of them to the fire. I've known him fetch men from the barber's or from church of a Sunday, if an alarm has been given during their absence."

"And has he had any escapes?"

"Plenty of them, and narrow ones, too. Two years ago he got on to the roof of a house next a burning building. The men were soon ordered down, and a minute later the wall fell, and poor Ginger was buried into the back yard and buried beneath the ruins. We all thought we'd seen the last of our little hero; but when he was dug out, four hours later, we found him alive, but badly stunned. However, he was himself again in a few days.

"On another occasion a varnish factory took fire. That was a dreadful scene. Many of the barrels burst, and the blazing varnish ran like a flood all over the place. Me and my mates rushed through the fiery torrent as fast as we could, and Ginger after us. We had forgotten to pick him up, and he got severely burned. He was laid up for a month afterwards. But it was plucky, wasn't it?"

I gratify praised the terrier's courage.

"Once," Bill went on, "there was a fire at a dock in the winter, and somehow Ginger fell into the icy water and was nigh drowned before a police boat hooked him out.

"It's my belief that he has a good many more lives than a cat, and she has nine. He's had lots of burns and scratches, and been trampled on by the horses and lamed three without number. For he's an frolicsome that we have to keep him prisoner when a new team of horses is being broken in."

"Of course he knows all the usual dog-tricks?" I suggested.

"Why, of course he does," replied Bill, a trifle contemptuously; "but what he thinks the finest fun is to chase his own tail! I have seen him spinning round after it for minutes at a time, barking uproariously and in great glee. He's everybody's favorite; aren't you, Ginger?" and Bill threw him a biscuit.

"I have been so delighted to hear about the little Scottish terrier," I remarked to Robinson; "and can quite understand how you are all so attached to him. I suppose there are pets at the engine-houses?"

"Yes, at almost every one of them you'll find a pet of some kind; generally a dog or a cat, and sometimes both. You will easily suppose, sir, that we're not always wanted. The fewer fires the better, say I. So it comes that we can give a good deal of attention to an animal that takes kindly to us.

"They have a clever Newfoundland at one of the stations. They call him Buff, and a splendid fellow he is, with his glossy black coat; good-tempered too, and full of fun and frolic, and first out when the alarm sounds.

"He happened to be absent once when the engine started for a distant fire, but when he came back he bounded off at great speed to the spot where the men were working.

"Buff always keeps the horses company at such times, no matter how long he may have to wait; oddly enough, he will never run with a strange team."

"He often brings in the letters for the men, rushing off for them as soon as he hears the postman whistle. Duty, in Buff's eyes comes before pleasure, and I've seen him drop the basket with his dinner when the gong has happened to sound as he was crossing the street." The alarm never fails to put end to meal, or game, or rest. One bad habit he has not yet been quite cured of, but we expect to see him abandon it soon—the practice of jumping up at the horses, which has led to many firemen's dogs being killed under the wheels.

"Like Ginger, Buff is a special favorite with the children whenever he takes his walks abroad. Sitting on his haunches and putting up his forepaws, he begs for sweets, and never gets 'No' for an answer.

At this point Ginger began to give a short sharp bark, and immediately afterwards the telegraph's clock warned me that the firemen were wanted.

"You must excuse me, sir," said Bill as he ran off to sound the gong. "When we have work on hand, there is no time to spare for anything else. Look in another day, and I'll tell you more about our pets."

QUIET HUMOR.—The Scotch character is ingrained with a quiet sense of humor which now and then finds vent in a few pithy words. The pungency of a Scotch joke often comes from the sly, independent character of the people. Take, for instance, the characteristic answer given by a countryman to a traveller who, being doubtful of his way, inquired if he was on the right road to Dunkeld.

With some of the national inquisitiveness, the peasant asked his inquirer where he came from. Offended at this liberty, the stranger sharply reminded the man that where he came from was nothing to him. But all the answer to be got out of the Scotchman was the quiet rejoinder, "Indeed then, it's just as little to me whar ye'r gaen." Equally indifferent was the answer of a stage coach driver to a discontented passenger.

The traveler complained that the cushion was wet, and, looking up to the roof, discovered a hole, which at once accounted for the mischief.

In great wrath he reproached the coachman for the evil under which he suffered, and pointed to the hole which was the cause of it, but all the satisfaction he got was the unmoved reply, "Ay, mony a man has complained of that hole." It is evident that in neither of these cases did our Scotch friends intend to be funny: the point of the joke lay in the expressions describing the facts.

"CUTE."—"What explanation a justice to a colore' culprit" "have you the audacity to say you do not recognise this pocket-book?"

"Yes, sah."

"But it was found in your possession."

"In my what-did-yer-say, judge?"

"In your possession. This pocket-book was found in your pocket, sir."

"Judge, you has done tole two stories about dat air. First yer sahd hit war foun' in my persession, an' den yer 'lowed hit was foun' in my pocket. Bofe dem yarns can't be true. Ef de judges on de bench can't tell de troof, hits no wonder dat a poor miserable niggah like me got led astray."

The justice drew a long breath, and once more producing the pocket-book, said, "You denied just now that you had ever seen this pocket-book. I now ask you again, did you ever see this pocket-book before?"

"Why, of course. Hit am de same one you showed me a minute ago. Yer must be losin' yer mind, judge."

Remanded to jail.

Good nature has its lights and shades, and we need to recognize them both. Easy, amiable people do not not always do their full share toward the world's progress. They oil the wheels of life, it is true, and thus, by preventing friction, make its motion easier; but they do not always supply the force needed to move it. Good nature needs for its true balance a strong and firm sense of justice. If that be present and active, there is no danger of our kindliness going to an extreme. But where it is absent, or at least imperfectly developed, the good-natured person may easily fall into a habit of indiscriminate patience and forbearance, of easy approval and of condoning what is wrong, that is quite as self-indulgent as it is indulgent to others.

MASKS.

BY S. R. FANTON.

There is a lady graceful and fair,
  Clad in satin her regal form;
She reigns a queen in Fashion's world,
  Yet in her bosom slumbers a storm.
She turns a face of smiles to the world
  To hide her grief, lest the tears should start;
She has riches; but they have cost her dear,
  For the price is common—a broken heart.

There is a banker who scarce can tell
  Of half he is worth, yet he finds that gold
Cannot drive away from his palace home
  The phantom of deeds that remain untold.
There are faces wan that come to each feast:
  There are children's wails, and a mother's curse;
These are the ghosts he seems to see,
  For the starving have filled the rich man's purse.

There are those who sit in places high
  And wear the ermine of the just,
Yet their souls are black with many a lie,
  That paved their way to the nation's trust.
Yet I sometimes think they, too, must wish
  For an hour of rest from the turbulent life,
And all would they give for an innocent heart,
  When Death's chill presence shall end the strife.

But this we must learn, ere we learn too late,
  That joy walks not in a silken gown;
Pleasure's not bought with a handful of gold,
  And peace does not come with a nation's renown.
Those whom we envy, our pity deserve:
  What seems to us gay, may be forlorn;
Do not envy the one that holds the rose;
  You see its beauties; he feels the thorn.

VEINS OF HUMOR.

American humor is now a well-worn subject, but it is far from exhausted. Exaggeration is, perhaps, the main element of it. Mr. Lowell is an example in point. He tells about a negro "so black that charcoal made a white mark on him;" and in another place he describes a wooden shingle "painted so like marble that it sank in the water." He has many followers in working this particular vein.

One writer gravely assures his readers that he knew "a tree so tall that it took two men and a boy to see to the top of it." The same trustworthy chronicler met in his travels with a boat which "drew so little water that it could sail wherever there had been a dew." Another came in contact with a man "so heavy that his shadow, falling on a boy, killed him."

It is also told how a Yankee in England was afraid to take his morning walk lest he should step off the edge of the country. Another was asked if he had crossed the Alps. He guessed he did come over some "risin' ground."

It is quite in keeping with the wonderful character of these wonderful sons of "down East" that one of their children should leave home at the tender age of fifteen months because "he was given to understand his parents intended to call him Caleb." History is silent as to the fate of this prodigy.

It may be he wandered to Kentucky, and introduced the celebrated ointment which has given that State fame. The ointment has great efficacy. If a dog's tail should by any mischance be cut off, it has only to be rubbed gently on the part where the caudal appendage used to wag, and lo! a new tail grows.

It is quite likely he was the adventurous boy who picked up an old tail and tried the ointment on it, with the result that it grew into a second dog so like the first that no one could tell which was which.

A man, remarking on the cold weather, said: "Cold? I should say so. Went home; lit a candle; jumped into bed; tried to blow candle out; couldn't do it; flame frozen; had to break it off." The other describes a remarkable physical phenomenon: "A man of our acquaintance drank so much chalybeate water for his health, that once, when in jail for stealing a cow, he opened a vein in his arm and extracted enough iron from the blood to make a crowbar, with which he broke his way out of prison."

The humor of surprise is the ludicrous effect of the combination of sense and nonsense, or of absurd statements made with an air of gravity.

Artemus Ward furnishes us with an example. He tells of a young man who claimed exemption from conscription "because he was the only son of a widowed mother who supported him."

The use of incongruous words often gives rise to this kind of humor. Artemus abounds in it. At Richmond, after the siege, he met a "cullud pusson," and asked him: "Do you realize how glorious it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dream, or do you realize the great fact in all its livin' and holy magnitood?" The "cullud pusson" answered that he would take some gin.

In the humor of spelling, many of our humorists indulge in eccentricities of style, laughing at the laws of grammar and spelling. It is plain there is not much fun in writing "hens 4th," or in putting "goakin" for joking; yet in some cases there is a good deal of humor hidden behind the bad spelling.

In the "Biglow Papers" the spelling reproduces a characteristic dialect; but usually it is only a mechanical mode of raising a laugh. It is so, also, with Artemus Ward. Take for example the showman's letter to a country editor:

"I shall hav my handbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my handbills up in a flamin stile. Also git up a tremenjous excitement in yer paper 'bowt my onparaleld show. We must tech the public sumhow. We must work on their feeline. Cum the moral on them strong. Ef it's a temprance community, tell em I sined the pledge fifteen minutes after Ise born; but on the contrary, ef your people take their tots, say Mr. Ward is as jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conviviality, and the life and sole of the soshul bored. Ef you say anythin 'bowt my show, say my snaiks is as harmless as the new born baib. What a interestin study it is to see a zewlogikil animil like a snaik under perfect subjeckshun! My kangyru is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxyus to sekewer your influoens. I repeet in regard to them handbiils that I shall get 'em struck orf at your printin offiss. My perlitical sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know they do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.

Respectfully Yures,
A. WARD."

This kind of spelling has become so associated with our humor, that it is now generally regarded as a part of it. Some defend it on the ground that it is the writer's only way of rendering the characteristics the actor can represent by his voice and manner.

Grains of Gold.

A little method is worth a great deal of memory.

Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying.

We make ourselves more injuries than are ever offered to us.

We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them curses.

The world does not require so much to be informed as to be reminded.

Fretful people always shut out the sunshine, and grumble about the darkness.

Company which does not help to improve us will certainly have a contrary effect.

Whatever we may pretend, interest and vanity are the sources of most of our afflictions.

God estimates us, not by the position which we may occupy, but by the way in which we fill it.

As dews of the night are diamonds of the morn, so the tears we weep here may be pearls in heaven.

Faith is like the evening star, shining into our souls the more brightly, the deeper is the night of death in which they sink.

Probably there is no feeling the expression of which gives more pain and produces more unmixed injury than that of contempt.

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of the day. Still, night is full of magnificence, and for many it is more brilliant than the day.

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself.

In order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be intent on the present. To be doing one thing and thinking of another is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life.

Honest or courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of his brightness, nor the moon of her effulgence.

We live in an age of sham and fraud. Hardly a day passes that does not discover some new and gigantic rascality by which one or a few persons have been enriched at the expense of the many trusting dupes.

How quick is the succession of human events! The cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and, when we lie down at night, we may safely say to most of our troubles, "You have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."

If thou hast wronged thy brother in thought, reconcile thee to him in thought; if thou hast offended him in words, let thy reconciliation be in words; if thou hast trespassed against him in deeds, by deeds be reconciled to him; that reconciliation is most kindly which is most in kind.

Femininities.

Forget not that a kiss may prove a traitor in an angel's dress.

A dozen humming birds are grouped on some imported bonnets.

New England women eat five different kinds of pie at one meal.

Women, as a rule, are not inventive. They have no eagerness for new wrinkles.

A number of French women have distinguished themselves as builders and decorators.

Old men love the past, young men love the future, but if you want to tickle a girl's fancy, give her a present.

A "new book by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, daughter of the President of the United States," is announced by a London paper.

Reflected glory—Visitor: "And who are you, my little man?" Cuthbert (with conscious pride): "I'm the baby's brother."

Miss Laura Braden, Treasurer of the Washington and Waynesburg Railroad, is said to be the only female railroad official in the country.

A Utica newspaper reports the case of a "beautiful girl," unusually robust, who has become a raving maniac through over-indulgence in roller-skating.

"Oh, where does beauty linger?" demands a Camden poetess. As a general thing she lingers in the parlor until her mother has cleaned up the kitchen.

Mrs. Frankie Morris, of Erie, Ken., was convicted on Saturday of the murder of her mother, and married on Sunday to Mr. Henry D. Copeland, of Wichita.

A cynical bachelor of another city says woman is a good deal like an accordion. You can draw her out, but she "makes music" if you attempt to shut her up.

A Brooklyn young lady who carries a four-leaf clover in her pocketbook for luck, lost her pet poodle the other day. Her best beau says he never heard of such good luck.

New York fashionable ladies are now escorted to and from the theatres by messenger boys. One thing the ladies like about this arrangement is that they don't have to hurry.

Those men who understand the value of a woman's advice have learned a great lesson. It is a wondrous advantage to men in every vocation to secure an adviser in a sensible woman.

Mr. Smiley: "Better let me carry the poodle, my dear, and you can carry the baby." Mrs. Smiley: "No, no; you carry the baby. I cannot trust you with Gyp; you might drop him."

Piano-playing has been classed among the cholera preventives. A Madrid paper has informed its readers that by testimony of a German physician no piano-player was ever attacked by cholera.

It is very easy to spoil children by rearing them in hilarious. A girl who is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her, and put on her, till she is twelve, fifteen or eighteen years of age, is spoiled.

Many of the empty pots in an apothecary's shop are as grandly decorated and neatly marked as those that are full, and the bottles that make the greatest show in the street are filled with colored, useless fluid.

Her head was pillowed on his breast, and looking up in a shy way, she said: "Do you know, dear George, that—" "You mean dear Fred," he interrupted, smiling fondly at her mistake. "Why, of course. How stupid I am—I was thinking this was Wednesday evening."

Clara: "I had a lovely compliment last evening from Mr. Featherly." Ethel. "No! What was it, Clara?" Clara—"He spoke of my hands. He said I had the hand of a Venus de Milo. Wasn't it just sweet in him?" P. S.—The Venus de Milo has neither arms nor hands.

Marriage is the natural destiny of woman, to be welcomed when it comes. Yet it should not be considered the acme of feminine hope and ambition. Our daughters must not be turned adrift with all their bright possibilities, to marry because it is the only thing they can do.

A female office-seeker made her way into the White House, with six small children, and a piteous plea for an appointment which would enable her to feed and clothe her helpless brood. Unhappily, she was recognized by one of the attendants as a childless widow of the grass variety.

At Trenton some young women who were graduated from the High School wished to get certificates as teachers, and at the examination they brought out smiles of approval by telling in a most learned way how rocks were formed. But there was a flutter and a laugh all around when they spelled Pacific with an "s" in the middle.

It is said to be quite the custom now for French ladies to carry revolvers. At a fashionable dinner party, recently, a gentleman was observed hesitating whether to sit on the right or left of a handsome young widow. At length he said, with a very polite bow, "Pardon me, madam, but will you kindly let me know on which side you wear your revolver?"

Every country has its peculiar marriage ceremonies. For instance, in the Netherlands, when a lady has signified her consent to her lover's proposal, her room is festooned with flowers; and in country parts a triumphal arch is erected before the house, and for several successive days the betrothed receives visits of congratulation. Sweetmeats are sent round to the friends instead of cake, and on the wedding-day the banquet is never considered complete without blanc-mange.

A Boston man attended his wife's funeral the other day. He was overcome with grief. When he was about to get into the carriage he found his mother-in-law within, and backed out very promptly. The minister stepped up and quietly remonstrated with him—told him he was making a scene by refusing to ride with the old lady, creating a family scandal, etc. "Well," said the widower, with an air of unwilling resignation, "but, darn it, she has spoiled the whole pleasure of the occasion for me—that's a settled fact."

Masculinities.

The man who has nothing to say is unfortunately the man who is always talking.

Dodge Hollow, N. H., has a farmer who has swung the scythe every season for the past 78 years.

It is written on a monument at Columbia, S. C., that "General S. R. Gist" lies there. His full name was States Rights Gist.'

Diogenes, being asked what advantage he derived from being a philosopher, replied, "The power of enjoying the society of myself."

A farmer without hands, and who does all the work on his land, is one of the successful cultivators of the soil living in the vicinity of Roswell, Ga.

A Pacific coast man who hanged himself the other day, took a bath and then put on his best clothes, in order to save the undertaker all possible trouble.

If you meet a lion or tiger which has escaped from a circus, swear at the top of your voice. A lion-tamer says that profanity will humble any wild beast.

A citizen of Hackettstown, N. J., who sued for a witness fee of fifty cents, retired from the case a wiser man, and with some twelve dollars less in his pocket.

A Congressman of Georgia, who has signed the petitions of sixteen different men for the same office, is spoken of as being "looked upon as a good fellow."

The "poodle" moustache is what the latest "dude agony" is styled, obtained by having the moustache shaved down to one-eighth of an inch of the curve of the upper lip, leaving a thin fringe to overhang the mouth.

John E. Sullivan, of Indianapolis, Ind., is the heaviest dealer in poultry, game and produce in the United States. He started in business with twenty-five cents, and now his annual trade exceeds a million and a quarter.

Somebody observes that in love we swap a peck of trouble for a pint of happiness. He forgets to add that there is more solid comfort in a thimbleful of genuine love cut on the bias than there is in a whole grain elevator of bachelor bliss.

A boarder in a house at North Adams, Mass., recently used a hair-brush belonging to the proprietor's son, which so aggravated the latter that he and his father beat the stranger in such a manner that fears for his recovery are entertained.

As men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgment of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

Old friend: "You ought to be proud of your wife, Tom." Host: "Yes?" Old friend: "She's a most brilliant talker." Host: "She ought to be." Old friend: "I could listen to her for a whole night." Host (wearily): "I often do."

At Grantsville, U. T., some Chinese recently put a woman into a tin-lined box, with just room enough for her to stand up in, and stood it in the sun, with a loose lid over the woman's head, for a whole day. Next morning the woman was dead.

There is a large scythe factory in a New England town making 14,000 dozen scythes a year, and the president of the company has for years hardened and tempered every scythe that leaves the works, because no other man in the establishment can do it so well.

A bachelor's club has been formed at White Plains, N. Y. The members will use nothing in their headquarters made by women, nor will they admit any women to their rooms. The young women of the village have organized an "Old Maid's Club" as an offset to the other club.

A man who passes through life without marrying, is like a fair mansion left by the builder unfinished. The half that is completed runs to decay through neglect, or becomes at best but a sorry tenement, wanting the addition of that which makes the whole both useful and comfortable, and ornamental.

The proprietor of a weaving mill near Manchester, Eng., noticing the ventilation was imperfect, put in a fan worked by steam-power, and was staggered when his operatives demanded an increase of wages, on the ground that in the better air their appetites grew heartier, and hence it cost them more to live than when the ventilation was poor.

If you have a spite against a country clergyman, procure the publication of an item announcing that he has fallen heir to a considerable estate; then his congregation will become restive in the payment of his salary, and his life will be made a burden by begging letters. So, at least, Rev. T. S. Hopkins, of South Butte, Cal., declares after two experiences.

"When I cum to New York," said a countryman, "I allers go around holdin' on to my pocketbook like grim death. You can't tell what minute some feller may rob you. The city is chock full of thieves." "Do you carry much money with you?" "I've got about $200 now. I sold an old boss this mornin' that I slicked up for $200 that wasn't worth $75. I see in a minute that the feller I sold him to didn't know nuthin' 'bout hosses."

A New Yorker writes to his paper for a cure for a short memory. He says he finds it the hardest work to remember the number of the house or his wife's name, and "also invariably forget when I owe a man money, exactly where his office is." This is certainly an exceptional case. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when a man owes another money, he can remember where the latter's office is easy enough, but he invariably forgets the "owing" part.

"See here," said a citizen of St. Louis to the proprietor of a book store, "you'll have to take the book back. I asked you to give me a volume of poetry to put on the parlor table, but every durned word in this book is straight prose." "Why, man alive, that was written by Shakespeare." "I don't care who writ it, it's prose; I've looked it all over. For instance, here's a specimen.

'How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attendin' ears.'

Do you call that poetry—rhymin' ears with night? You can take it back; I don't want it."

Pearls and Carnations.

BY PERCY VERE.

"EUGENE, I declare I cannot decide whether I shall wear these beautiful carnations or this magnificent tiara of pearls in my hair this evening," cried Lady Albina, as standing before a mirror that reflected her graceful figure in its full proportions, she held the rival ornaments in either hand, and, with a glance of gratified female pride, turned to her sister, who was more quietly arranging a stray curl in her "coiffure," to determine the important question.

"Albina, my dear," she replied, "you know that the carnations were sent you by Frederick Langrish, and that he has requested you will wear them this evening."

"Pooh! You are always conjuring up the phantom of Frederick Langrish. What if he did send me the carnations? Sir William Byfield has told me, a thousand times, that pearls look more becomingly in my dark hair."

"I fear, Albina, that Sir William's flattery has made too great an impression on your mind. I would be sorry to say its poison had reached your heart."

"Nay, sister, *there* you positively are wrong! Sir William is without doubt an elegant, insinuating fellow; and it is such a triumph over those odious Grimshys to monopolize his attention. But you know I *do love* Frederick; he is very sensible, but horridly stupid."

"That means, Albina, that he will not flatter your vanity by the sacrifice of his sincerity; but you are not ignorant how devotedly he is attached to you."

"Eugene, for Heaven's sake drop the lachrymose subject, or you will so damp my spirits that I shall appear to-night as sombre as the tragic muse. Blonde, don't you think the pearls will best suit my complexion, this evening?"

"Certainly my lady," replied the obsequious Abigail, who answered to the name of Blonde.

The pearls were accordingly wreathed in the shining tresses of her raven hair—her toilette was complete—and as she drew on a snowy little glove over a still more snowy little hand, she cast one parting glance at her mirror; and beholding herself armed at all points for conquest, her cheeks flushed, and her dark eyes sparkled with conscious delight at her anticipated triumphs.

On entering the ball-room all eyes were turned on the fair sisters; but the dazzling beauty of Albina, her buoyant step and radiant smiles, chained the eyes and won the admiration of the beholders. Scarcely had she reached a seat until Sir William Byfield was at her side, congratulating her on the irresistible power of her charms. She waltzed with him, and afterwards permitted him to lead her into the shrubbery.

Choosing one of the most secluded paths, they rambled on without interruption for some time. Sir William urging his suit with all the impassioned eloquence of which he was master; while his irresolute companion, half-terrified at the perilous situation into which her weak vanity had hurried her, could not conceal from herself that however fascinating Sir William might be, he still had not gained that place in her affections which the noble manliness of Frederick Langrish had obtained.

Already she repented her rashness, and was earnestly imploring Sir William to return, when, at a sudden angle in the walk, she beheld her injured lover standing with folded arms, as if awaiting their approach.

Had a spectre met her view, the wretched girl would have been less shocked.

A faint scream escaped her lips, and, covering her face with her shawl, she endeavored to escape his penetrating eye; while Byfield, enraged at such an untimely interruption, said, with a contemptuous sneer, "What a capital statue of the 'Listening Slave' Mr. Langrish would make, could we but add a little to his natural petrifaction! Don't you agree with me, Lady Albina?"

The humiliated coquette could not utter a single word.

Frederick approached—she saw him not—but she heard him in his sweet, firm voice, say, "Lady Albina, is this well? From this moment we are parted—forever! For you, Sir William, I shall reserve my sentiments to a more fitting time."

Extricating herself from Byfield's arm, she fled with maniac speed to the house. Eugenia, who had been alarmed at her absence, and was anxiously watching her return, perceived by her manner that something unusual had occurred.

The carriage was immediately ordered, and the agitated girl, supporting her trembling limbs on her sister's arm, quitted the scene of hollow mirth with very different feelings from those experienced on joining the giddy throng.

In the carriage, Albina, relieved from the presence of prying eyes, flung herself into Eugenia's bosom, and gave full vent to her suppressed emotion in a torrent of tears. Her gentle sister vainly endeavored to draw from her the cause of her affliction; convulsive sobs and self-reproaches were the only answers she obtained.

On reaching home, the sisters retired to Albina's chamber.

The rejected carnations lay still upon the toilette-table.

They met Albina's eye. Snatching them up, she pressed them eagerly to her lips and to her bosom, and flinging loose her dark tresses, dashed the splendid bars of pearls which adorned them on the floor.

"For these worthless baubles," she exclaimed, with frantic energy, "have I bartered my future happiness! Frederick, Frederick! save me from the precipice! Sir William, the fiend, is luring me on! Ha, ha, ha!"

And she fell senseless into the arms of her sister and an attendant.

It was a calm, still, summer evening; the last red beams of the setting sun were streaming through the partially closed shutters of her chamber window, when Albina, waking as from a long and wearisome dream endeavored to collect her scattered senses to assure herself of the reality of her present situation.

A thousand vague ideas flitted through her mind; the remembrance of fearful visions and horrid shapes distracted her; she was conscious of a heavy load of misery, but she could not define its nature or extent.

She stretched forth her thin, small hand upon the counterpane; it fell upon a few withered carnations laid carefully together. A ray of light darted across her benighted mind; she started up wildly in the bed. "These flowers—these flowers!—there is a tale of horror connected with them! Ha!"

"You must be still, my lady," said a voice in the well-known accents of her maid, hurrying from a low couch near the patient's bed; "pray, be still! The doctor has ordered you to be kept quiet; and my Lady Eugenia has only just gone from your bedside, which the poor, dear, young lady has hardly quitted these three weeks."

"I believe I have been very ill, Blonde?"

"Ill? Lor! my lady, we never thought to hear your voice again."

"These flowers, Blonde?—I remember something—but my head is very weak."

"Alas! my lady—no one dared to take them from you since that unfortunate night; and it was poor Mr. Frederick's last wish ——"

"Frederick!—Frederick's *last* wish?"

"Yes, my lady; that odious fellow, Sir William Byfield, shot him at Boulogne-sur-Mer in a duel."

"Ha! Frederick Langrish shot!—'tis not, then, a dream—and I am his destroyer!"

She clasped her forehead between her hands, and uttering a thrilling shriek, sunk back senseless upon her pillow.

More than an hour elapsed before Albina showed signs of returning sensation. At length she opened her eyes slowly; but their dull, leaden gaze told that the light of reason had for ever deserted them. She looked on once-familiar faces with vacant curiosity; she spoke of Frederick Langrish, but no tear came to her relief. Seven days she continued in this state, calm as a sleeping child. At length the moment arrived that was to release her gentle spirit from its earthly bondage.

"She pass'd—
And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh! to possess such lustre, and then lack."

Our Boarder.

BY E. M. DAVY.

IT would be hard to find a more quiet, dull, out-of-the-way little village than Rawdon.

I took up my abode there in a large, rambling farm-house, open for three months every year to summer visitors.

There was a party of nine, who had had full possession of the farm-house for several years, for the three summer months, and we rather resented the invasion when one morning Mrs. Deane informed us that she had rented her one vacant room to an invalid widow, who had stipulated to have her meals in her room.

When the invalid widow arrived we watched her into her room with natural curiosity of the occasion, and discussed what could be seen of her as we plied our needles, rocking-chairs, and tongues at once. Presently Mrs. Deane came back to us.

"Ah, poor thing!" she said, pityingly; "she is very weak, and has had a long illness! All her hair has been cut off, and is in a little close crop, like a boy's; and she has lost her voice entirely—can't speak above a whisper. She is lying down, and I'm going to take her a cup of tea."

Some expressions of sympathy were exchanged, and then we discussed the latest fashions.

Amongst the letters that morning was one from my husband, who is a detective, and gave me the particulars of a great bank robbery, and his own share in the work of tracking the thieves.

"The man I am after," he wrote, "is Day. There is strong evidence against him, and it is probable that he has most of the missing bonds, money, and valuables with him."

I took up the newspapers, of which John always sent me an ample supply wherever I might be, and read the account of the robbery; and then, as usual, my mind went over all the dangers to John, not comforted one bit by the possibility that he might secure the thousand pounds offered by the bank as a reward for the capture of the thieves.

It may be that my mind has been influenced by John's business, and that for that reason I can never come near a mystery without trying to solve it.

Now the widow was a mystery to me. My room was directly over hers, which was a small one on the first floor that had never been used as a bedroom before, and opened into the garden on one side.

The first circumstance that attracted my attention was that the delicate invalid, who dared not risk the soft summer air in the daytime, was in the habit of stealing out of her room after the family had retired, and walking for hours in the night, sometimes in the garden, pacing up and down, sometimes going out at the gate, only to return hours later, and enter the house most cautiously, but not so softly that I did not hear her.

Another curious fact was that the trays of food carried to her room might have satisfied the appetite of a ploughman; and yet more than once I knew that Mrs. Deane took up a second supply.

Once watching, I also discovered that the widow had a heavy step and a long stride in walking, more like a soldier than an invalid lady.

Each day I became more convinced that the seclusion of our new boarder was not caused by ill-health alone; but my utmost endeavors could not secure a glimpse of her face.

Her curtains were always down, and she had been three weeks in the house without once crossing the sill of the door leading into the hall, while in her nocturnal rambles she wore her veil, closely drawn.

But one day, when July was half gone, there was a picnic of all the visitors, who went away at unearthly morning hours in a great hay wagon, and were not to return until evening. At the last minute I decided to remain at home; but Mrs. Deane, finding my door fastened, thought that I had gone with the rest.

Many times I had heard her voice in Mrs. Churchill's room, though the whispered answer was lost to me; but on that day I listened eagerly as she urged the invalid to sit for an hour upon the porch.

And the widow consented, and a little while after Mrs. Deane left her to go to a neighbor for some butter.

When she was gone, I stole upon slippered feet to the parlor. From one window, quite unseen myself, I watched the widow. For the first time I saw her face, a pale, strong-featured countenance, with closely-curling brown hair, not unattractive in a masculine style. Her hands, large and white, lay upon her lap, in constant motion, twisting a large seal ring, plaiting the fringe of her shawl, pushing back her hair occasionally, but never still. She rocked to and fro, with a short, jerky motion, eloquent of nervousness.

Suddenly she spoke, to the air, the roses, the flies, to me, though she did not know that, and in a rich, deep voice, said, with an oath, "I've half a mind to risk it."

Then, as if the sound of her voice scared her, she looked around her.

Nothing terrifying was in sight, and, throwing off her shawl, she went to her own room through the door that opened upon the porch.

Two minutes later she was back again, smoking a cigar.

I sped upstairs, put on my hat, stole down to the kitchen, out of the back-door, and across to Mr. Cowley's, a farmer.

Half an hour later I was on my way to the railway station as fast as Mr. Cowley's best horse could carry me.

A telegram to John was despatched, and he came as fast as the steam would bring him; and no one expected him when he drove up, and brought two quiet-looking gentlemen to Mrs. Deane's.

"Now, then!" John said, when we were alone. "Where is Day?"

"Have you a photograph?"

One was given me.

"Yes," I said; "it is the same face, without the beard or moustache."

And I told John all I knew about our mysterious boarder.

There was no noise made. Early in the morning a close carriage drove up to Mrs. Deane's gate, and the widow was roused from her morning nap before she could secure her pistol.

Very quietly three men walked down the garden path to the gate, and the driver of the carriage was sent back for the trunk, in which was found the stolen property.

John bought me the prettiest cottage with the reward.

THE ORIGIN OF "LYNCH LAW."—Lynchburg—"Old Lynchburg," the inhabitants love to call it, lies among the mountains on the southern bank of the James River, in the centre of the Piedmont district, and not far from the bar of the Blue Ridge (Virginia). It was once one of the wealthiest towns of America. Fortunes have been amassed here in tobacco, and as it is now becoming a railway centre, it is likely that in time it will rise to become once more a great wealthy productive hive of industry. In that world wich lives among dictionaries it is famous as having given a new work to the English language. Colonel Lynch, the Irish emigrant whose name has been applied to the town, was a noted soldier in the Revolutionary War. This hotheaded Hibernian, when he caught a "Tory," it is said, punished the individual whose chief crime was that he did not think as Colonel Lynch thought, and did not do as he did, after such a summary fashion that in time speedy "justice" of a somewhat equivocal type became known all the world over as "Lynch law."

Not a Drug.

Compound Oxygen is not a drug. It does not introduce an enemy into the system, but a kind and gracious healer. It does not assault or depress nature, as is always the case when crude drugs are taken, but comes to her assistance and restores her weakened vital forces. All of its effects are gentle, pervading and vitalizing. If you are suffering from any disease which your physician has failed to cure, send to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, for their pamphlet and all are all about this wonderful treatment.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers.

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility.

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief.

"And now, she is restored to us in good health, by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it." THE PARENTS.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

R. DOLLARD,
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CHESTNUT ST.,
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IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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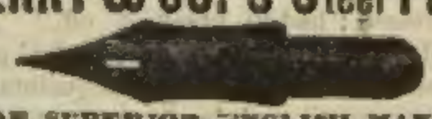
ISSUE COMMERCIAL AND TRAVELERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT,
BUY AND SELL BILLS OF EXCHANGE ON ALL PARTS OF EUROPE,
NEGOTIATE STATE, MUNICIPAL AND RAILROAD SECURITIES,
BUY AND SELL GOVERNMENT BONDS AND STOCKS,
TRANSACT A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

PERRY & CO.'S Steel Pens.



OF SUPERIOR ENGLISH MAKE.

Sample card, 24 different styles of Pens, will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cts. Postage stamps received.

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WOMAN WANTED SALARY $35 to $50 for our business in her locality. Responsible house. References exchanged. GAY BROS., 14 Barclay St., N. Y.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P.O. and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey St., N. Y.

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$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

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100 Fine Cards and Scrap Pictures and elegant finger Ring 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

Recent Book Issues.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bro., publishers of this city, have just made a large reduction in the retail price of all their popular duodecimo publications, including the well known and popular books written by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Mrs. Catharine A. Warfield, Miss Elisa A. Dupuy, Alexander Dumas, and their several well-known and standard Cook Books by Miss Leslie, Mrs. Hale and others.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Quiver is a magazine peculiarly fitted for Sunday reading, though there is much in it of a lighter character. The Sept. number gives among the former reading: The Anatomy of Self Conceit, by Rev. R. H. Lovell; The Mount of the Lord, by Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, a continuation of the Scriptural lessons for school and home: Some of the King's Servants, by Rev. J. T. Burton-Wollaston; Sunday Thoughts in Other Lands, by Rev. John Stoughton; The Beloved Disciple, by Rev. Alexander Roberts. For week day reading there is an unusual amount of fiction, the continuation of the interesting serials, besides a number of shorter serials and poetry. There are plenty of illustrations, and take it for all in all, the number is exceptionally attractive. Cassell & Co., New York.

The Popular Science Monthly has the following contents for September: The Relations of Railway Managers and Employes; The Present Aspect of Medical Education; Insect Fertilization of Flowers, illustrated; Origin of Man and the Other Vertebrates, by Professor Edward D. Cope, illustrated; An Experiment in Primary Education; The Fauna of the Sea-Shore; Siberia and the Exiles; How Spelling Damages the Mind; Sunlight and the Earth's Atmosphere, by Professor S. P. Langley, illustrated; The Science of Morality; Recent Progress in Biology, by E. Ray Lankester; The Primitive Ghost and His Relations; The Physiology of Colors; Sketch of Dr. Gustav Nachtigal; Correspondence; Editor's Table, Science versus Immortality, The Study of Facts; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., New York, Publishers.

The North American Review for September contains papers upon the following subjects: Our National Banking System, by F. J. Scott, George S. Boutwell, Edward H. G. Clark, S. Dana Horton; The Tendencies of English Fiction, by Ouida; Reminiscences of Famous Americans, by John R. Francis; The Decay of Ecclesiasticism, by R. Heber Newton; The Great Psychical Opportunity, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; The Naval Tactics of the Future, illustrated, by Woods Pasha; Grant's Memorial—What Shall it Be? by Launt Thompson, Calvert Vaux, W. H. Beard, Karl Gerhardt, Henry Van Brunt, Olin L. Warner, Wilson McDonald, Clarence Cook; Comments, by George W. Julian, John C. Peters, C. O'C. Hennessy, Charles K. Whipple, M. J. Savage, Alice H. Witherbee, Philemon Bliss, C. T. Jamieson. The North American Review, New York, Publishers.

The frontispiece of the September number of the *Magazine of Art* is from a picture by Alma Tadema, entitled "Who is It?" Other page illustrations are: Unvalued Liberty; The Secret. There is another illustrated paper on the picturesque river "The Dart." Austin Dobson has an interesting paper on the Polish etcher-painter, David Chodowiecki, illustrated with reproductions from his copper-plates. Old London Doorways, by Percy Fitzgerald, is illustrated with some of the best examples of these inviting entrances. On Calais Sands, is a poem by Andrew Lang, to which is given a page illustration. In the current paper on The Romance of Art, a Convent Room at Parma, decorated by Correggio, is described. There is a clever review of The Book of Rembrandt, and Harry V. Barnett continues the controversy on, Drawing in Elementary Schools. The editor contributes a lively paper on current art, with illustrations from the principal pictures in the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery. Several pages are devoted to fresh foreign and American art notes. Cassell & Co., Publishers, New York.

Lippincott's Magazine for September is light and amusing. "On This Side" is brought to a conclusion. The Truth about Dogs, by F. N. Zabriskie, is a good-humored protest against an exaggerated fondness for "pets." The Story of an Italian Workwoman's Life, by Marie L. Thompson, professes to be a true narrative in all its details. In, A Chapter of Mystery, Charles Morris, deals with the subject of Spiritualism. Roses of Yesterday and To-Day, by Alice King Hamilton, is a paper of pleasant reminiscence, the subject being the late Professor Morse's country-seat, Locust Grove. Muster-Day in New England, by F. G. Mather, is an amusing picture of bygone manners and the training and tactics of the old State militia. The Story of a Story, by Horace E. Scudder, is an ingenious bit of work; A Hoosier Idyl, by Louise Coffin Jones, is a realistic study of western life; and Rena's Warning, by W. W. Crane, completes a series in which the writer has given faithful and charming pictures of characters and manners in some of the rural parts of Pennsylvania. The "Gossip," among other good things, contains extracts from Tourgeneff's correspondence. Published by Lippincott, this city.

Ayer's Pills cure headache by removing obstructions from the system, relieving the stomach, and giving healthy action to the digestive apparatus.

THE ANGEL OF TIME.

THE Angel of Time, being commissioned by the Supreme Governor of the world, made proclamation he had a hundred thousand years of additional life to bestow on the inhabitants of the earth.

His trumpet echoed far and wide, reaching the uttermost extremes of the universe.

The people flocked eagerly from all points of the compass, to prefer their claims to a portion of the beneficent gift; but it was surprising to see that the crowd consisted of the aged alone.

The first who preferred his petition for a few additional years was an old man of four-score and upwards.

"Thou doubtless wishest to live a little longer for the sake of thy children, and the companions of thy youth?" said the angel.

"Alas!" cried the old man, "they are all dead!"

"Then art in possession of wealth and honors?"

"Alas, no! I have lost my good name, and am miserably poor. Yet I wish to live till I am a hundred, and enjoy life yet a little longer."

The angel bestowed upon him the privilege asked, and he went on his way rejoicing and trembling.

The next application for lengthened years was a feeble old man, who was carried on a litter.

When he had preferred his request, the angel replied, "I understand. Thou art enamored of the charms of women, of the beauties of the earth, the waters, and the skies, and wishest to behold them yet a few years more?"

"I am blind these ten years," said the old man.

"Thou art delighted with the music of the birds, the murmuring of the waters, and all the harmonies of the universe, and wishest to hear them a little longer?"

"I am deaf, and scarcely hear the sound of thy trumpet."

"Thou are very fond of the delicacies of food?"

"Alas! my feeble health will not permit of such indulgences. I have lived on milk and crusts of bread the seven years past. I am a poor sickly old man."

"And still thou wishest to lengthen out thy miseries. What pleasure dost thou enjoy in this life?"

"The pleasures of living," said the old man; and the angel granted him a few years more.

The third who approached the footstool of the angel was a decrepit female. Her teeth were gone—her eyes buried deep in their dark blue sockets—her cheek hollow and fleshless—and she could hardly prefer her request, for an incessant cough, which drowned her voice, and almost choked her.

"I am come," said she, "to beg a score of years, that I may enjoy the pleasure of seeing the cypress trees I have planted over the graves of my husband, my children, my grandchildren, and the rest of my dear relatives, spring up and flourish before I die. I stand alone in the world, with no one to speak for me. I beseech thee to grant my request!"

"Though I grant thee lengthened days, I cannot remove thy infirmities and sufferings. They will increase upon thee," answered the angel.

"I care not, since I shall know they cannot kill me before my time."

"Take thy wish," said the angel, smiling. "Go and be happy."

"Strange!" cried a learned man, who had come to petition for a few years to complete a scientific work, and witnessed the scene, —"strange," cried he, curling his lip in scorn, "that the most helpless and miserable of human beings should still covet a life divested of all its enjoyments!"

"Silence, fool!" replied the angel, in a voice of ineffable contempt. "It rather becomes thee, ignorant mortal, to adore the goodness of Providence, which having ordained that men should live to be old, mercifully decreed at the same time that the love of life should supply the absence of all its sources of enjoyment. Go—take thy wish, and finish they work of science."

THE LIBERTY CAP.—The Phrygians were people from the shores of the Euxine Sea, in Asia, and they conquered and took possession of the entire eastern part of Asia Minor. To distinguish themselves from the natives, the conquerors wore a close-fitting cap, and had it stamped on their coins. The Romans took the fashion of wearing caps from the Phrygian's but they were only worn by freedmen. When a slave was set free, a red cap, called the pileus, was put on his head, and this was a token of his manumission. Marius used this cap on a peak to incite the slaves to take arms with him against Sylla. When Cæsar was murdered the conspirators carried a cap on a spear as a token of the liberty of Rome. The statue of the Goddess of Liberty, on the Aventine Hill, carried in her hand a cap as the emblem of freedom.

CORK.—The barking of the cork tree—a species of oak growing in Spain, Portugal, and Italy—is commenced when the tree is fifteen years old, and may be repeated every eight or ten years afterwards with no injury to the oak, which, in spite of this periodical flaying, lives to the age of a hundred and fifty years. In July and August, incisions are made around the tree, and down to the root; the pieces which detach easily are soaked in water, placed under heavy weights, dried before a fire, and stacked in bales for exportation. The cork-cutters cut the sheets into narrow strips, and round them into shape with the aid of a thin sharp knife.

Humorous.

LOST AND FOUND.

A charming damsel often met
A youth upon the promenade;
One evening he began to fret,
And thus unto the maiden said
"I strangely feel—I can't explain—
Somehow I do not rest at ease;
My bosom suffers some odd pain—
I fear I've got the heart disease."

"Ah, me!" the gentle Miss replies,
"You'd better seek the doctor's care."
"I think I shall," the other sighs,
"For this I scarce can longer bear.
And really it appears to me
As if my heart has from me fled."
"If that's the case," soft whispers she,
"To mine you're welcome in its stead."
"What change?" cried he. "Oh! who can tell;
I know I've lost my heart full well;
And yet"—she gave her head a toss—
"I feel the richer for its loss."

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

A black mailer—A negro postmaster.

The girl who loves William never asks her father to loot her Bill.

For a street-cleaner that will do its work thoroughly we suggest a mad dog.

A Pittsburg man has been fined fifty dollars for keeping a cow. The cow belonged to a neighbor.

A short horse is soon curried, but he must first be caught. The same may be said of a short cashier.

An exchange says there is a considerable amount of bad coin afloat. Coin that can float must be of exceedingly light weight.

A scientist tells us that a bee can sting only once in two minutes. Those who have tried it, assure us that it is quite often enough.

Give the roller-rink its due. It is a sort of an escape-valve by which lots of persons avoid being sent to the idiot or lunatic asylums.

Mr. Blower's wife asked him to buy a thermometer the other day, but he declined, saying: "No my dear; we will wait until next winter, when they will be much lower."

A petrified baby was recently discovered in Texas, and our lately-married editor is wondering "how the blamed thing kept quiet long enough to get petrified."

"How shall we buy strychnine?" asks an exchange. The way is to ring up the night clerk of a drug-store and ask him for quinine. He is as liable to give you strychnine as anything else.

When a man dies suddenly "without the aid of a physician," the coroner must be called in. If a man dies regularly after being treated by a doctor, everybody knows why he died, and the coroner's inquest is not necessary.

In Kentucky a bolt of lightning cut the rope by which a mule was tied, without scorching a hair. Lightning takes terrible risks sometimes; but this was the most foolhardy thing the electric fluid ever did. Next time it may not get off so easily.

"Johnnie, have you been fighting?" gravely inquired Mrs. Jarphly. "No, ma'am," promptly answered the heir of the Jarphlys. "John Schemerhorn, how dare you tell me an untruth?" exclaimed his mother. "Where did you get that black eye, sir?" "I traded another boy two front teeth and a broken nose for it," replied Johnnie, as he crossed the woodpile.

Freddy went to Sunday-school. He was in the infant class. One day his father said to him: "How's this, Freddy? You have been going to Sunday-school for some time, and have never yet brought home a good ticket. I am really ashamed of you." "Papa," said the little culprit, swelling up like a toad, "I—I'll bring home a good ticket next Sunday, if—if I have to hook it."

The masher has been analyzed by a scientific man, and these are the ingredients and proportions which make up the fashionable doll: Bicarbonate of cheek, 990.230; essence of gall, 2.500; nitrate of stare, 2.330; tincture of conceit, 3.330; oxliate of cuffs, .220; protoxide of collar, .220; acetate of toothpick shoes, .207; sulphide of smirk, .300; chloride of coat-tail, .802; cyanide of brain, doubtful, .001; total, 1000.000.

For Instant Use

As a reliable remedy, in cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, or sudden Colds, and for the prompt relief and cure of throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy for home use. I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." John H. Stoddard, Petersburg, Va., writes: "I have never found a medicine equal to

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

for the prompt relief of throat and lung diseases peculiar to children. I consider it an absolute cure for all such affections, and am never without it in the house." Mrs. L. E. Herman, 187 Mercer st., Jersey City, writes: "I have always found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral useful in my family." E. T. Johnson, Mt. Savage, Md., writes: "For the speedy cure of sudden Colds, and for the relief of children afflicted with Croup, I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is the most potent of all the remedies I have ever used." W. H. Stickler, Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of a severe lung affection, supposed to be Quick Consumption. We now regard the Pectoral as a household necessity." E. M. Breckenridge, Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I am subject to Bronchitis, and, wherever I go, am always sure to have a bottle of

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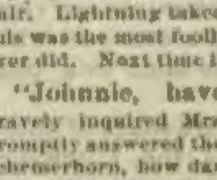

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Latest Fashion Phases.

There is such a decided preference for all the shades of tan, almond, ecru, and light wood browns, that many cool and pretty neutral tints are but little employed. Nevertheless, gray and beige are fashionable colors; beige is no longer a color in one particular shade only, there are many varieties of it, but the most popular shade is light, with a rosy, rather than a yellow, tint, that harmonizes well with pink ornaments and with pale tan-colored lace.

Shades of ochre yellow form a kind of connecting link between beige and tan color.

Grey, although far less fashionable a color than it was last year, is not discarded, and in many shades of granite, silver, and steel gray it is not only fashionable, but reserved for very rich toilettes, owing partly to the superb passementerie and beaded ornaments, and embroideries, that are so very handsome in shades of gray.

Bluish moonlight and blue steel beads, mixed with a smaller quantity of bronze or grenat beads, form some of the most beautiful trimmings that can be obtained.

Grey silk is also used as a lining for black lace mantles, with the pattern in large flowers; these visites have a quiet elegance that gives them a great cachet.

The one mode that carries all before it in toilettes is that of colored linings under transparent fabrics, whether these are plain or figured.

The linings are made in all colors, light, dark, and medium, in the gayest and in the most sober tints. In a mode that admits of so much freedom of choice, mistakes naturally abound; but inharmonious combinations may be avoided, and the fashion, interpreted with taste, is an extremely pretty and convenient one.

Skirts, corsages, and visites are all made of these transparent fabrics, lined with color.

Draped tabliers, though by no means novel, continue to be stylish and fashionable, and are very much adopted by the most elegant women—those who entirely repudiate the plain, full, round skirts, to which it is quite impossible to give a graceful aspect.

Tabliers are worn of different degrees of length; and pleated or flat tunics, open in front to show the trimmed front of the dress skirt, are also much worn.

Both these modes are adopted with transparent materials lined with color, the lining being made of silk of sufficiently firm and stiff texture to form a good foundation for the lighter fabrics draped on it.

Traveling costumes are made in this way of faille and sac a raisin, in shades of beige, tan color, and brown.

A good model is made with a plain underskirt of dark-brown faille, crossed diagonally by a drapery of light brown sac a raisin, pleated and turned under at the edge to form a light puff, the upper part being cut to lie flat on the hips. The puff at the back is of sac a raisin, and ornamented with a wide sash of dark-brown faille.

A Spanish jacket of sacs raisin opens over a plain waistcoat of brown faille, fastened with little gold buttons. The sleeves are also trimmed with gold buttons.

A new kind of silk canvas is much used for rather more elaborate promenade toilets; a good specimen is a costume in tan-colored silk canvas, and shot tan and flame-colored faille merveilleux, also a new kind of silken material.

The plain skirt is of faille, flat in front and at the sides, but very full at the back. The silk canvas forms a draped tablier, of moderate length and gracefully but carelessly draped across the front of the skirt; the ends are tied at the back in three large loops, two above and one below and between the others; these loops, take the place of a puff or other drapery.

The corsage is of silk canvas linen with flame-colored faille, and opens in front over a faille plastron covered with a puff of tan-colored net; a band, embroidered with flame and tan-colored beads, is fastened with a clasp below the puff.

The elbow sleeve, of faille and silk canvas, is completed by a puff of tan-colored tulle, gathered into an embroidered band matching the waistband and the collar.

A small Manon capote, harmonizing with the toilette, is made of flame-colored faille, covered with bouillonne tan-colored net; the brim is embroidered with beads, and above and underneath it are groups of tea arosses with bright red centres.

The silk canvas parasol is lined with flame-colored faille, and the gloves match the dress exactly.

Sashes of moire ribbon are worn with dresses of all descriptions, but the ribbon does not look equally well in all colors. It is, however, very pretty in all shades of grey, and whether in this or in any other color, the ends are frequently drawn in and enclosed in a cup of passementerie, beaded or plain, and tipped with a silk tassel. The sashes are tied at the back or side, their position being determined by the style of the tunic; if this is draped high on one side, the sash is tied on this side; if the draping is smaller on both sides, the long sash either falls over, or takes the places of the drapery at the back.

Moire ribbon sashes are handsome adjuncts to lace dresses; a novel toilette of this description is made up on a foundation skirt of red surah; the skirt consists of two deep flounces in ecru lace, the under one falls straight from the waist all round, and forms the full skirt; the upper one is draped with a few pleats to the waist on the left side, and the back part is draped in a short puff.

A sash of dark-green moire ribbon is folded round the waist, and tied on the left side. The lace bodice is pleated in front and crossed on the chest, showing a small pointed of green velvet.

Embroidered lace and net in wide and narrow flounces, combined with sicilienne, or ottoman, form charming dresses.

A beautiful dress of these materials has two deep flounces of cream net, richly embroidered with dull red and gold, covering the front and sides of a foundation a skirt of absinthe-green silk bordered with a pleating of the same.

A short drapery of absinthe sicilienne in front is caught up high on the right hip, but falls lower on the left; the back drapery is puffed a little in the centre only, the remainder is pleated and falls straight down at the sides; the edge and the sides are trimmed with lace turned back on the material; this lace is embroidered like the flounces, but is in a much narrower width.

The corsage is pointed back and front, and a fichu of the lace, laid flat on the dress, passes round the neck at the back, and meets on the chest; the two ends are carried together down to the point in the shape of a pointed plastron.

The sleeves are trimmed with flat parements of lace, and the small capote to correspond with the toilette has a full crown of embroidered lace, strings and bows of absinthe-green ribbon, and a plume of shaded red feathers.

Some of the new fancy etamines are very like a fine woolen net, and are striped with wide bands of moire in the same or a contrasting color.

Very beautiful toilettes are made of these striped etamines, such as the following, which is an excellent model: The skirt is of cream moire, flat in front, but full at the back.

The corsage has a pointed plastron of etamine striped with cream moire bands; the etamine meets below the pointed plastron, and fullness. The corsage is of embroidered woolen net to match.

With this dress is worn a redingote of beige surah, fastened at the top only, and then flowing free to the edge, showing the front of the corsage and of the skirt. The sides join the puffed drapery of beige surah at the back, the upper part of the corsage ending in bretelles over the net bodice. The sleeves are of surah trimmed with embroidered lace.

The skirt of the toilette in lens de dentelle is very slightly draped in front on a foundation of moss-colored faille.

The puff is very full, and falls in a perfect cascade of irregular pleats, fastened down on one side with two superb applique ornaments in cut jet; on the other side is a long bow and ends of moire ribbon, the loops of the sash mingling with the pleats of the puff.

The lace corsage is fastened with three buttons over a waistcoat of moss faille, longer than the corsage, and ending in two sharp points. The back is pointed, and the elbow sleeves are of lace over moss faille.

Domestic Economy.

SOMETHING FOR WARM DAYS.

Among the simple drinks for quenching thirst in hot weather, oatmeal water is very good. Make it thus. Take two tablespoonfuls of fine or medium oatmeal, pour a pint and a half of cold filtered water on it, stir it well, let it settle, and it is fit for use. Water may be poured a second time on to the meal. I have tried oatmeal water made with boiling water and allowed it to get cold but we did not like it as well; it tasted flat.

Good Barley Water.—Rub in a cloth two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley, then put it in a jug with a very small pinch of salt, a lump of sugar, a piece of thin lemon rind, pour a quart of boiling water on the ingredients, stir well for two minutes, cover the jug over, let the barley water stand until cold. It is better if it is made twelve hours before it is wanted. The barley, like the oatmeal, may have water put to it two or three times.

Years ago toast-water used to be much used; now, I daresay many have never tasted it, though it is often very useful. We used to prepare it thus: A jug of quite boiling water was got ready, and when we had slowly toasted a piece of the top crust of a loaf of bread, toasted it so brown all over that it was quite ready to burn, we put it in the jug of boiling water, and covered the jug well over; when cold it was ready for drinking. Toast water jugs are made with china covers and strainers.

Lemonade for Keeping.—Take the rind of a lemon that has been pared off without any of the white, put it in a jug with the strained juice of ten lemons and half a pound of the best loaf sugar, stand the jug in a saucepan of boiling water, keep over the fire until the syrup simmers, then put aside and when cold bottle; do not cork the bottle, but put a little salad oil on the top of the syrup.

The oil is easily removed with a piece of cotton when the lemonade is required. A little of this in a tumbler of water makes a very pleasant drink. If twenty grains of carbonate of soda are added it will make an effervescing drink.

Ginger Beer.—Take the peel from two lemons, and put it with the strained juice into a large pan, with one ounce of thoroughly bruised ginger and one pound and a quarter of loaf sugar. Pour one gallon of boiling water over the ingredients, and stir. Let it stand until it is only just warm then add one tablespoonful of good thick fresh yeast. Well stir the whole with a wooden spoon, and leave it to work in a warm place for twenty four hours. Then the yeast and scum must be carefully removed with a skimmer, and the ginger beer poured off so as not to disturb the sediment. It must immediately be bottled, corked, tied down, and the bottles laid down in a moderately cool place—sufficient to fill sixteen or seventeen bottles.

Soda-water Powders.—Procure three ounces of bicarbonate of soda, weigh it out into thirty-grain powders. Do each powder up in a piece of blue paper: then take two ounces of tartaric acid, and weigh it out into twenty grains in white paper. When done, if you have weighed carefully, you will have forty-eight blue papers, and forty-eight white sufficient to make forty-eight glasses of soda-water. The papers can be put aside to use again, and save the trouble of cutting more. In using mix the contents of a blue paper in half a tumbler of water, and one of the acid powders in a wineglassful of water. Pour the contents of the wineglass into the tumbler, and drink at once. Ice, syrup, fruit water, or milk may be added. It is necessary to be very accurate in making these powders, for if the right right quantities are used a saline draught calculated to allay thirst is produced, whereas if either ingredient unduly predominates an alkaline or acid draught will be the result.

Syrups.—The following is an old French recipe for making syrups: Take two pounds of loaf sugar to one pound of any kind of fruit juice. Melt the sugar, and let it boil a few minutes, take care that it does not color; add the fruit juice; let it boil a few minutes. When cool, put it in bottles that have been thoroughly dried by the stove; cork the bottles with bits of paper until the next day; then cork properly and seal over. The following are some of the syrups the most used abroad. Besides being pleasant to drink with water, they make excellent pudding sauces.

Caramel Syrup.—Take a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, put it into a dry copper saucepan (the saucepan must be copper or brass inside, not tin); put it over the fire, and keep stirring it with a wooden spoon until it is a nice golden brown color; then remove from the stove, and add slowly, stirring all the time, three quarters of a pint of luke-warm water; put on the fire again, and add one pound of loaf sugar and a pound of vanilla; boil it, stirring all the time until the syrup is thick enough to cling to a silver spoon. It can be used hot, or, when cold, bottled for keeping. The sugar must not when melting be allowed to burn black—only to brown—and care must be taken when adding the water to avoid scalding the hands, as the sugar is apt to splutter.

Cherry Syrup.—Take two pounds of any kind of juicy cherries, remove the stalks and stones, crack the stones, peel and chop the kernels, put the fruit into a pan with one pint of cold water; mash it with a wooden spoon and let it stand covered over for twenty-four hours; the next day boil it for five minutes in a copper pan, then drain the juice from the fruit through a tammy sieve, weigh the juice and put its weight of loaf sugar in the copper pan, let it come slowly to a boil, add the juice and the chopped kernels, stir and boil until well mixed, and you have a heavy syrup. Pine-apple, apricot and plum syrup are made in the same way. The reason for boiling the sugar apart from the fruit is that the syrups thus made are so much brighter colored.

Gooseberry, raspberry, mulberry, currant, rhubarb and green grape syrup are better made without any water, merely adding one pound of fruit juice to one pound of boiling sugar.

"Does your husband go to the lodge, Mrs. Gibberick?" "Well, he just don't. I broke up that little game quite a while ago." "Why, how in the world did you do it?" "Whenever he started for the lodge I went with him as far as the skating rink, and told him to call for me on his way home. It only took a few doses to cure him."

When the heart is full the lips are silent; when the man is full it is different.

Confidential Correspondents.

S. M.—We know nothing of the advertisers, but we have seen their advertisement in a large number of different newspapers.

OMEGA.—The meaning that the poet is "nameless for evermore" is because his name is lost in the mist of ages. His poem has been preserved, but not his name.

B. G.—By all means continue the correspondence if your intentions towards the young lady are matrimonial. By answering your letters she shows that the correspondence is agreeable to her.

SCHOLAR.—We believe it has been computed that a penny put out at compound interest for eighteen hundred years would realize a sum that could only be represented in bulk of gold many times the size of the globe we inhabit.

QUIXOTE.—Dumb-bells are excellent things for developing the muscles and strengthening the nerves. They should, however, at first be used with moderation, and be light ones—eight rounds the couple is quite weight enough.

TOURIST.—If you have now discovered that the young lady has been accustomed to walk out with a gentleman whom you may justly look upon to be your rival in her affections, your best course would be to break off the engagement altogether.

BLANCHE.—"Society" judges such a man by his qualities and reputation outside of his vocation. The business is honorable enough in itself, if the man is an honor to himself. In fact it may be said to rank higher in a social sense, than many a business which pays as well or better.

LIZZIE.—It is the etiquette in France always to address a lady as though she were married, unless it be known to the contrary. Any shopkeeper in Paris, or elsewhere, would use the term Madame to a stranger young lady, although her appearance might almost vouch that she was a Mademoiselle.

J. A.—The seven sages of Greece were Solon, Periander, Pittacus, Chilo, Thales, Cleobulus, and Bias. Periander, the tyrant of Corinth, was reckoned as one of them through the meanness of his flatterers. They were, with the exception of Periander, the most renowned philosophers, and hence their appellation of the seven wise men of Greece.

ESTHER.—The story respecting King Alfred to which you allude refers to a tradition that Alfred was to be buried with a bell tolled without the help of human hands. The bearers of the body carried it about until they were utterly weary, when they arrived at Little Duffield church, and here it occurred to the leader to fasten wisps of hay to the bell-ropes; cows were then turned in, and the bell soon tolled without the aid of human hands.

GASPARD.—Good habits ought to mean more than the absence of gross vices. Try to form habits of goodness. There is no reason why it may not be habitual, and a second nature, if not natural, to avoid all disagreeable manners and practices, and to make one's self agreeable. Bad habits can be conquered with a little firmness and perseverance. We can reform a stooping figure, a shambling gait, and many personal defects. So we can overcome moral obliquities. Try it, and see.

DUCKLING.—Personal beauty, no doubt, is of great advantage to a suitor; but manners, conversation, and intellect are calculated to make a much more rapid and lasting impression upon the female heart. Wilkes, who, although a remarkably ugly man, was very successful amongst women, would frequently observe that, with half an hour's start, he would cut out the handsomest man in England. His manners were singularly prepossessing, whilst his conversation was witty and entertaining.

ARKANSAW.—You did nothing wrong, whatever. Nor did the gentleman with you. Your brother-in-law in acting as he did showed himself more of an ignoramus than a man. He owes the humblest of apologies to your friend. Many a man would have horse-whipped your relation for such an insult under the circumstances. We don't know the rule in your region, but here in Philadelphia, many riding parties do not reach home till ten, eleven, and even twelve o'clock without exciting any comment.

EVA.—We do not know what comfort to give to a young lady who continues to love a young man after he has proved himself deceitful and dishonorable. It is impossible for us to imagine or to understand how anybody, man or woman, can love a person who is known and proved to be false and dishonorable. An error, a mistake, a sin even may be forgiven; but when falsehood and dishonor are known to be elements of a man's nature and traits of his character, he should be avoided and kept aloof by every decent human being.

C. C.—Egoism is intense selfishness; it is the sacrifice of every person or thing, of every interest, however sacred, of every cause, however noble, for our own real or supposed benefit; but it may not be accompanied by any boastful or babbling tendency it may even use silence regarding self as one of the means of accomplishing the objects of self. Egotism however is simply the disposition and habit to speak incessantly about ourselves, and may or may not have a large infusion of vanity, but it is often found in those who are freest from selfishness.

TROUBLE.—Your trouble seems to be all of your own making. You are certainly liable for the maintenance of your wife, whom you admit you left of your own accord. A man takes a woman "for better, for worse," when he promises to love and cherish her always, and you cannot shake off your obligations towards her as easily as you seem to wish. No doubt she had something to bear as well as you in the matter of temper, and she seems to be willing to accept a very small sum as sufficient. No man of any spirit would allow his mother to keep his wife.

J. DAVID.—The Romans went for many ages without regular covering for the head, and hence the heads of all the ancient statues appear bare. But, at one period, the cap was a symbol of liberty; and when the Romans gave it to their slaves it entitled them to freedom. The cap was sometimes used as a mark of infamy; and in Italy the Jews were distinguished by a yellow cap; and in France those who had been bankrupts were forever after obliged to wear a green cap. The general use of caps and hats is referred to the year 1449, the first seen in those parts of the world being at the entry of Charles VII. into Rouen, from which time they took the places of chaperons or hoods. The velvet cap was called mortier; the wool cap, bonnet. The clerical or university square cap was invented by Patrouillet.